

The TATLER



NOVEMBER 12, 1958

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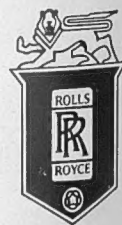
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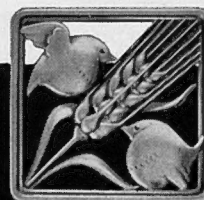
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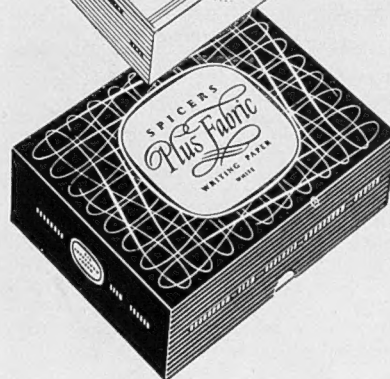
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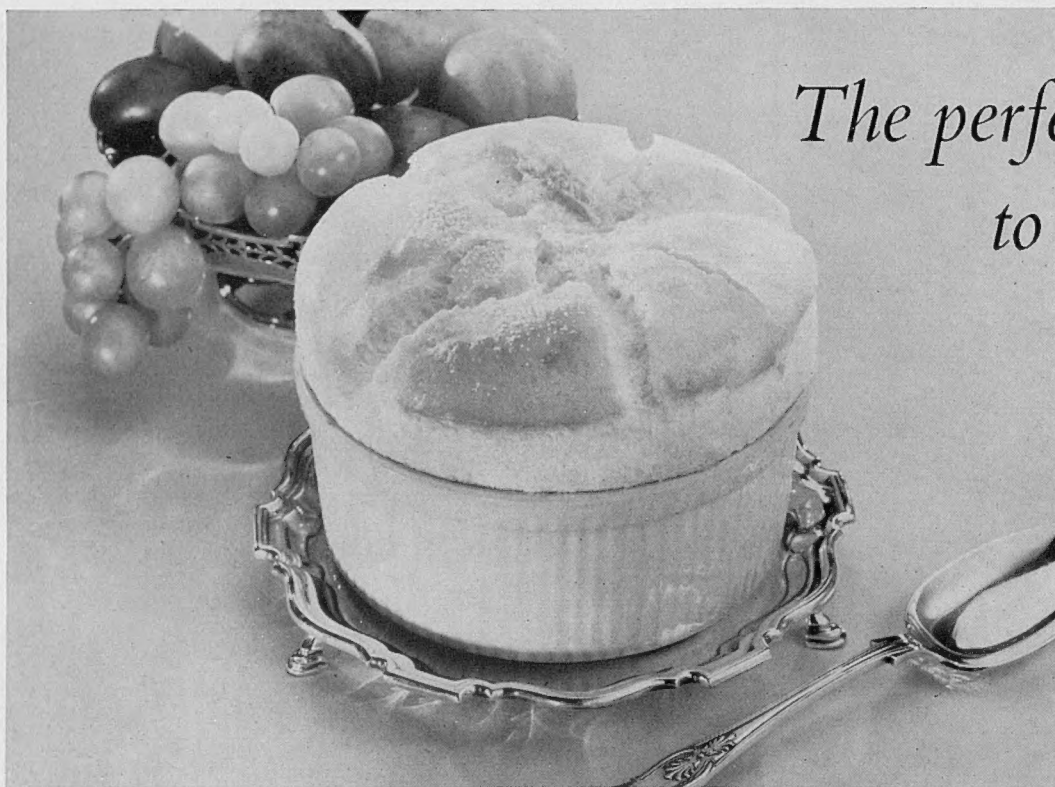


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WHERE *to go*... WHAT *to see*

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

THAT notorious fancy-dress romp, the Chelsea Arts Ball, is celebrating its Golden Jubilee on New Year's Eve at the Royal Albert Hall. Tickets are expensive—from four pounds each to 30 guineas for a box party of 12 or more—but dancing to three well-known bands continues to the wee small hours of the morning. Fancy dress is of course desirable, but I am told that gentlemen may wear a Venetian cape over their evening dress instead. These can be hired on arrival at the ball. Tickets are obtainable at the Albert Hall and all leading theatre agencies.

On 26 November the Duchess of Gloucester will be the guest of honour at a gala presentation of Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend* at Wyndham's Theatre. The musical was first presented some five years ago and this 2,000th performance will be in aid of the Sir Oswald Stoll Foundation Fund.

In contrast there is a New Orleans Encore from Chris Barber's jazz band, with singer Otilie Patterson, in the recital room of the Royal Festival Hall (18 November—7.45 p.m.).

Two exhibitions worth devoting

an afternoon to are "Sail To Steam" at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, and "The London Of Elizabeth I" at the London Museum, Kensington Palace. Both are on, provisionally, until the end of

December, presumably to allow for interested children during the school holidays.

The South Oxfordshire Hunt Ball will be held on 21 November at Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Estoril, Dean Street. "Genuine Portuguese food... at reasonable prices."

Chez Kristof, 12 St. Alban's Grove, W.8. "Polish and Russian food. There is candlelight in the evenings and soft music... sauces are a strong point."

La Surprise, Bistro Parisienne, Knightsbridge Green. "Cuisine Française of excellent quality

and imagination in a very Toulouse-Lautrec atmosphere."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Not In The Book (Criterion Theatre). "Wilfrid Hyde White preserves his humorous imperturbability... and gets wonderfully good unobtrusive comic support... lightly touched with humorous surprises."

For Adults Only (Strand Theatre). "It is a quick-witted, cheerful

evening. Hardly an actor or play in London or any radio or television programme comes unscathed out of this revue."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

I Was Monty's Double. "Mr. Bryan Forbes's excellent screenplay is pretty well 'a documentary.' Mr. M. E. Clifton James re-emerges from obscurity to score a personal triumph in his greatest rôle. Messrs. Cecil Parker and John Mills are irresistible. Directed by Mr. John Guillermin."

The Immortal Land. "Mr. Basil Wright's 40-minute documentary... is in praise of Greece... lovingly photographed rugged landscapes, dreaming ruins, huddled hillside villages and wild seashores... a finely spoken commentary."

Further Up The Creek. "Struck me as not only faster but considerably funnier than its equally farcical predecessor *Up The Creek*. Mr. David Tomlinson is once more the long-suffering and endlessly diddled Lt.-Cdr... and Mr. Frankie Howerd... the fiendishly ingenious bosun."

Fine Rings

Sapphire & Diamond



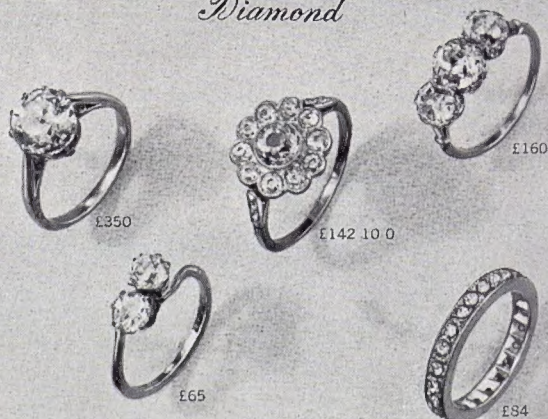
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The TATLER

BYSTANDER.

Vol. CCXX No. 2992

12 November 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Vivienne

PERSONALITY

Behind the ballet

THE COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD is chairman of the organizing committee of tomorrow's Gala Matinée of Ballet in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing. The matinée will be presented at the Coliseum Theatre before Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, and the artists will include Dame Margot Fonteyn (herself a member of the committee), Antonio, Markova, Yvette Chauviré, Michael Somes and Mona Inglesby (who will be returning to ballet after a four-year absence—see *News Portraits*).

The Countess has a reputation for thoroughness in whatever she undertakes. Her enthusiasms are probably rooted in family heritage for her father was the first

Viscount Camrose, proprietor and Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Telegraph*, and her husband is the son of the great F. E. Smith, first Earl of Birkenhead, a former Lord Chancellor and a man whose wit was famous in an era of witty talkers.

Lady Birkenhead's history of Albany, *Peace In Piccadilly*, was published earlier this year, and another of her books is *Against Oblivion*, the story of Joseph Severn, devoted friend of John Keats. Her husband has just completed a new biography of his father, to be published next year.

Lady Birkenhead was married to the Earl in 1935, and they have two children. From 1949 to 1953 she was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent.



Mrs. G. R. Callingham (sister of Viscountess Tarbat) with Mr. F. A. de Marwitz



Mrs. Lorna Snow and Mr. Larry Adler (he took part in the midnight cabaret)

Vintage sour grapes

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*I did not go to the Motor Show—
It leaves me icy cold,
One can't defend this amazing trend
That none of the cars are old.
How could I swoon for a dull saloon
That's weaned in '59,
When I've got a car with a very far
From up-to-date design?*

*Oh, we're à la mode for the open road,
There are beetles in the sump.
The tyres are tired, but I've just acquired
A mahogany petrol pump.
So away with thoughts of a super-sports—
It's not a paradox,
'Cos I've got a car, with a cocktail bar
That's solid cardboard box!*

*Oh, we're tout à fait on the Queen's Highway,
It isn't an idle claim—
The wheels are wrung and the springs are
sprung,
My pelvis is aflame.
(But I won't be seen in a new machine
Until I'm out of debt,
So I'll have to keep this appalling heap
For many a summer yet.)*



Viscountess Tarbat (chairman of the ball) with Lord Sempill. He is chairman of the British Council for Rehabilitation which was helped by the ball

Mr. Jimmy Edwards auctioned the polo pony which was given by Mr. A. G. Boyd Gibbins. He bought it for £100 after it had been resold three times

Mr. John Loder, Mrs. Diana Barnato-Walker and Madame Leon Maria Guerrero (wife of the Philippine Ambassador)



PONY FOR AUCTION

*at the Autumn Ball of the
British Council for Rehabilitation*

BALLOONS FOR SALE

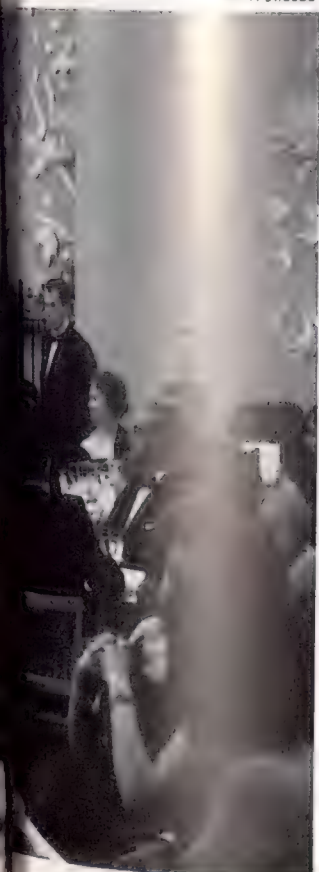
at the Hallowe'en Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association



Mr. Michael Lewis with Mrs. Samuel Rosen, Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Rosen, a U.S. film executive



V. Swaebe



Miss Phyllis Forester. She won her hula hoop on the tombola and demonstrated how to use it



Van Hallen

Lady Carolyn Townshend, chairman of the junior committee. She sold all her balloons in three minutes and then sold her witch's hat for another £2



Pictures at right: (Top) Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, with Mrs. Lew Grade who was a member of the ball committee. Second from top: Viscount & Viscountess Harcourt. Third from top: Mrs. D. C. Plummer (general secretary of the National Children Adoption Association) with the Irish Ambassador, Mr. H. McCann. Bottom: Miss Zena Marshall and the Earl of Bessborough

Lady Jean Rankin (chairman of the ball) with Captain Oliver Dawnay





Ansdell—Dury: Miss Susan T. Dury, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. G. A. I. Dury, M.C., Siggswood, Waldron, East Sussex, & Mrs. Dury of Riverview Gardens, Barnes, S.W.13, married Mr. Peter M. Ansdell, younger son of Mr. & the late Mrs. T. A. Ansdell, Quinnettes, Churt, Surrey, at the Guards' Chapel



Alston-Roberts-West—Bellville: (above): Miss Camilla Bellville, daughter of Mr. A. S. Bellville, The White House, Rembridge, and the Hon. Mrs. P. Pleydell-Bouverie, Landford Lodge, Salisbury, married Mr. James Alston-Roberts-West, son of Mrs. & the late Major W. R. J. Alston-Roberts-West, Alscot Park, Stratford on Avon, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



Thornton—Stephenson: Miss Jennifer B. Stephenson, daughter of Mr. P. J. P. Stephenson, Windsend, Grindleford, Derby, & Mrs. Stephenson of Irnham Hall, Grantham, married Mr. John Henry Thornton, younger son of the Rev. J. G. & Mrs. Thornton, East Walton, King's Lynn, at St. Giles's, Great Longstone



Pelham—Egerton: Miss Lucy Helen Egerton, eldest daughter of Mr. & the late Mrs. Cyril Egerton, The Manor of Groves, near Sawbridgeworth, Herts, married Mr. Michael Alan Pelham, son of Mr. H. A. Pelham & Mrs. J. Y. Eccles, Little Frogs, Berrick Salome, Oxon, at St. James's, High Wych



Maguire—Galbraith: Miss Margaret Anne Galbraith, only daughter of Dr. & Mrs. S. M. Galbraith, Overton House, Congleton, Cheshire, married Lt. John Rae Maguire, R.N., only son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. R. Maguire, Windrush, Exeter, at Holy Trinity Church, Mossley, Congleton



Withinshaw—Pinhey: Miss Jean Elizabeth Pinhey, daughter of Colonel & Mrs. L. A. G. Pinhey, Bende, Ringwood, Hants, married Mr. Richard Clive Withinshaw, son of Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Withinshaw, of Penketh Lodge, near Warrington, Lancs, at Ringwood Parish Church, Hampshire



Baker—Amphlett: Miss Ann Lloyd Amphlett, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Lloyd Amphlett, Bryn Eglwys, Bryn-y-Maen, Colwyn Bay, married Mr. Philip Howard Baker, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. B. Howard Baker, Gayton, Cheshire, at Christ Church, Bryn-y-Maen



Giles—Railton: Miss Patricia Railton, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. M. Railton, The Tile House, Firle Road, East Blatchington, Sussex, married Capt. Norrie Giles, son of Mr. & the late Mrs. J. E. Giles, Wringworthy, near Tavistock, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



THIS FIGURE by F. E. McWilliam is a study for a larger-than-life figure commissioned by a London-derry hospital. It is an example of top-quality art that can be acquired inexpensively. On pages 395-9 more pictures show, and Alan Roberts describes, good sculpture for home display. Also: Priscilla's report from Paris is on page 393 with some fascinating period pictures of the city



BLACKHEATH RUGBY CLUB, internationals and officials, 1958-9: (back row) N. McL. Hughes, W. E. Pratten, M. S. Bonaventura, H. L. V. Day; (middle row) D. W. Swarbrick, E. M. P. Hardy, Sir Duncan Cumming, Lt.-Col. A. L. Novis, C. C. Bishop, A. G. Cridlan, J. B. W. Sanderson, D. T. Kemp, C. F. Bates (vice-president), E. B. Pope (secretary); (front row) W. E. Tucker, Sir Laurence Merriam, Col. B. C. Hartley, Brig. H. L. Glyn-Hughes (past president), J. A. Tallent, Lt.-Col. J. H. Dalrymple (president), A. K. Horan

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Mr. Diefenbaker receives at Canada House

by JENNIFER

Nina Epton
in Java

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: The leading travel-writer Nina Epton describes a visit to a remote part of Java, where she was received with colourful hospitality by a local prince. Also: Claude Rogers is the Portrait Painter of Today in the latest of David Wolfers's series. Another picture feature will portray Lavenham, the town the centuries by-passed

A FEW HOURS after landing at London Airport (the first stop on his long goodwill tour of the Commonwealth) that dynamic and forthright personality Mr. John Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada, stood for nearly two hours welcoming guests at a reception in his honour at Canada House, Trafalgar Square. With him was his wife, elegant in a coffee-coloured dress and hat, and the popular and capable Canadian High Commissioner Mr. George Drew and his attractive wife. Later that evening Mr. Diefenbaker dined with Mr. Harold Macmillan at Downing Street.

Two of the first people I met at the reception were Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong, the Agent-General for Ontario, and his charming wife. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, glamorous in a white feathered hat and black dress, was talking to the Earl of Bessborough whose late father was Governor-General of Canada from 1931-35. Nearby the Minister of Pensions, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, and his wife were talking to Viscount and Viscountess Hailsham; Lord Hailsham has lost a couple of stones in the last year, and now has quite a slim figure. Sir John Child and his American born wife were there, also Mr. Ian Hunter (recently back from Toronto where he had been finding musical talent), Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Sir Harry Brittain, Mr. & Mrs. John Rodgerson

just off to Spain for a holiday, Baroness Ravensdale of Kedleston in a green feathered hat, and Mr. Edmund de Rothschild.

Balloons ousted broomsticks

This year's Hallowe'en Ball at the Dorchester was a bigger success than ever, and raised the magnificent sum of nearly £5,000. The advertisements in the lucky programme alone raised £3,000. The ball (pictures are on page 381) is in aid of the National Children Adoption Association, which does wonderful work for unwanted children, and among the guests was Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. She is president and chairman of the association, and takes the keenest personal interest in it.

Mrs. D. C. Plummer, general secretary of the association, and a live committee worked hard to make the ball successful. Lady Jean Rankin was the chairman, and committee members included Mrs. Plummer's daughter Mrs. Stephen Robinson, Mrs. Stuart Don, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Grade, Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong, Mrs. Gilbert Lodge and Mrs. Harold Goldman. Lady Carolyn Townshend was chairman of the junior committee which included Lady Sarah-Jane Hope, Miss Felicity Ann Hall, Miss Irene Martinez-Salas, Miss Georgina Scott, Miss Penelope Agnew, Miss Alexandra Bridge-



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Other People's Babies



Rose Mary Macindoe
DANIEL, two years, son of
Captain & Mrs. M. Busk,
Sloane Street, S.W.1



Vane
JANE, three years, daughter
of Mr. Mark & Lady Elizabeth
Longman, Gloucester Sq., W.2

water, Miss Angela Farley and Miss Georgina Milner. All sold programmes. After dinner, wearing witches' hats they sold lucky balloons, raising more than £70 in five minutes.

The Princess drew for prizes

In addition there was a good cabaret and a tombola, and at midnight Princess Alice (who brought a big party including Mr. & Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Kitching, Miss Fiona Douglas-Home, the Hon. Simon Maxwell, Countess Victoria Castell and Mr. Rupert Lascelles) drew for the lucky programme prizes. These included a portable TV set. This was won by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, wife of Air Commodore the Hon. John Boyle. They were both at the ball in the Dowager Viscountess Caldecote's party which included Viscount & Viscountess Caldecote, Lady Fergusson and Capt. & Mrs. Orr-Ewing.

Others I saw were Lord & Lady Hacking and the Marquess & Marchioness Townshend who were in Lady Jean Rankin's party, which also included Lady Jean's sister Lady Marion Philipps & the Hon. Hanning

Philipps, and Viscount & Viscountess Harcourt.

Bride's grandmother was an M.P.

Wearing an exceptionally pretty wedding dress of white lace and pleated organza, Miss Julia Runge, daughter of Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Peter Runge, was a radiant bride when she married Mr. Michael D'Arcy Stephens. He is the son of the late Lieut. D'Arcy Stephens, R.N.V.R., & the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens. The wedding was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the five bridesmaids Miss Jean Macpherson, Miss Melanie Lowson, Miss Alison Stephens, Miss Una Spearing and Miss Anne Lavington Evans, wore dresses of coral satin with matching velvet headdresses. The bride's parents held a reception at The Hyde Park Hotel assisted by the bridegroom's mother and his uncle Mr. Keith Stephens.

Among the large number of relations and friends were the bride's grandmother Mrs. T. A. Ross (who as Mrs. Norah Runge was M.P. for Rotherhithe from 1931-35); her uncle Mr. John Runge; her three brothers, Anthony who is at Oxford, Charles up from Eton, and Michael from his preparatory school Horris Hill; and her aunt Mrs. Neil Macpherson who was there with Mr. Neil Macpherson joint Under-Secretary of State, Scottish Office. Also the bridegroom's grandfather Lord McGowan, a renowned octogenarian (he was for twenty-years chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries), his uncles and aunts the Hon. William & Mrs. McGowan Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. George Sheffield and Mrs. Keith Stephens.

The bride's uncle, Lord Strathcarron, proposed the health of the young couple and gathered around to toast them were Lord & Lady Lyle of Westbourne just back from a trip to Canada and the U.S., Mr. & Mrs. Ian Lyle (the latter is Julia's godmother), Lord & Lady Remnant, Mr. & Mrs. Tony Tate, the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Vernon Tate, Mr. & Mrs. Bridges-Webb,

ANDREW (three) and TIMOTHY (nine months), sons of Mr. & Mrs. Donald Strong, Hetherlea, Sutherland Avenue, Petts Wood, Kent



Mrs. Peter Foster and her daughter Gay, the Hon. Mrs. Rose, Miss Tessa Milne and Mr. Ivan Page-Ratcliff, who was best man. (Photographs opposite.)

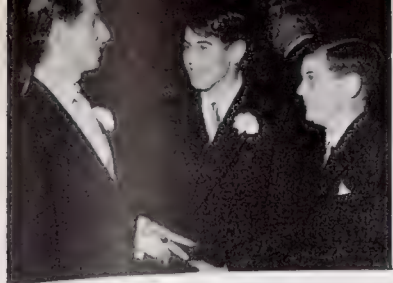
The dancers ate kedgerree

The Hon. David Montagu and his attractive French-born wife recently gave an enjoyable informal dinner-dance in their Oakwood Court home where they have the original domestic arrangement of two flats on the same floor. The young hostess, lovely in a short black net evening dress, had arranged a buffet dinner, starting with wonderful cream kedgerree, for about 150 friends. A band played for dancing in the drawing-room.

It was one of those good parties where everyone seemed to know everyone else from the start. Although all the women present wore short dresses they also had beautiful jewels and were extremely chic. Outstanding among them were Madame Louis Franck in cerise faille. With her was her husband, who like the young host is in banking. Also present were Lady Shawcross who looked attractive in black, as did Mrs. Antony Norman and Lady Anne Cowdray in deep blue satin; all three like Mme. Franck were beautifully coiffed.

Sir Hartley Shawcross was at the party, also Mr. Antony Norman, and I met the host's younger brother the Hon. Anthony Montagu, Sir Ronald Howe, Mr. & Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Mr. George & Lady Cecilia Howard, and Mr. Dick Hollingsworth who told me he is keeping his good filly Cutter in training as a two-year-old next season. I also saw Sir John & Lady Musker, Mr. & Mrs. Billy Levita and his half-brother Lord Savile, Capt. & Mrs. Tony Weatherall, the Hon. Graham Lampson (whose wife was away in Greece), Mr. Robin Howard, Col. Alastair Villiers, and Lady Pullbrook, who did the superb flower arrangements both at the German Embassy reception and the Government reception at

[Continued on page 386]



Anthony, Charles and Michael Runge.
They are the brothers of the bride



Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens the bridegroom's mother and Mr. Keith Stephens, his uncle, with
Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Peter Runge, the parents of the bride

Wedding of a peer's niece

MISS JUNA RUNGE AND MR. MICHAEL D'ARCY
STEPHENS AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER



The bride and bride-
groom



Miss Jean Macpherson
and Miss Melanie
Lowson (two of the
five bridesmaids) with
the best man, Mr. Ivan
Page-Ratcliff



A. V. Swaebbe
Mr. Simon Orr-Ewing with his father
Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing (Parliamentary
Under-Secretary of State for Air) and
Mrs. Audrey Chisholm



The Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme with her
daughter Miss Carolyn Skyrme who was a
débutante in 1957. The reception was held
at the Hyde Park Hotel



Above, right: Lord Strathcarron (uncle of
the bride) with his wife and his step-
daughter, Miss Virginia Curle. He pro-
posed the toast to the bride and groom.
Right: Mr. & Mrs. Tony Tate. He is a
director of Tate & Lyle



THE FOUR LADIES of Mansfield photographed at Logie House: Lady Malvina Murray (elder daughter of the Earl & Countess of Mansfield), the Countess of Mansfield, Viscountess Stormont (whose husband is heir to the earldom) and Lady Mariota Murray (younger daughter of the earl & countess)

Lancaster House during the West German President's state visit.

Sir Henry & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who had been up to Newmarket for the day, were there, also the Hon. Robin & Mrs. Warrender and Lord & Lady Bearsted and his brothers and sister-in-law, the Hon. Peter & the Hon. Mrs. Samuel and the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Samuel. Other friends enjoying the party (it was also, incidentally, Mrs. Montagu's birthday) included Mr. & Mrs. Michael Stanley, Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Tooth, Mr. John Loeb, Mr. & Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, Mr. & Mrs. Basil Mavroleon and Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Mavroleon; Senor & Senora Francisco Munoz, over from Madrid, and the Hon. Antony & Mrs. Lyttelton.

Latecomers stood—outside

Sir Alfred Bossom lent the giant marquee adjoining his Carlton Gardens home for a dress show in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. It was packed, with latecomers standing all round the edge and some not even able to get inside. I heard that about 800 tickets were sold. The big attraction was Pierre Balmain's Autumn Collection from Paris, which was exquisite—lovely day and evening clothes that must have been the envy of every woman present.

This was the first time that Balmain has shown his collection in London and the occasion was fraught with difficulties owing to fog. The designer himself, returning from America, was fogbound in Gander and could not get here to do the commentary. His deputy Mme. Ginette Spanier, who manages this couture house in Paris, filled the rôle of compère for the first time, and she also was delayed in Paris by fog. She arrived, with the model girls and all the clothes, only half an hour before the show was due to start! Wearing a superb long and cleverly draped white evening dress, she took charge of the microphone with courage and charm. All of us who had comfortable seats spent a delightful evening seeing these 60 beautifully made and designed dresses.

Mrs. Edward Lambton (who wore the same model of M. Balmain's as Madame Spanier, but in sea green) was the hard-working chairman of the event, and I met Lady Braithwaite the tireless chairman of the St. John appeals committee who had also worked hard for the success of the evening, which raised about £3,000. Mr. Clive & Lady Barbara Bossom and Mr. & Mrs. Doris Bossom were in the audience, which also

included the lovely Cuban Madame Mendoza, Countess Beauchamp, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, the Hon. Vere & Mrs. Harmsworth, the Duchess of Rutland, with her father and stepmother Mr. & Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mrs. John Ward, Lord Essendon, Mr. Tufton Beamish, M.P., and his pretty wife, Lord Savile, Miss Judy Dugdale, Lady Heald and her daughter Elizabeth, Doreen Lady Brabourne, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Rose, Mrs. William Miller, Mrs. Charles Snelling, Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril & Lady Douglas-Pennant, Lord & Lady Rendlesham, Countess Jellicoe, the Hon. Mrs. Sonia Cubitt, Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the Countess of Brecknock, Mr. & Mrs. Frankland Moore, Mrs. Brewis and Viscountess Tarbat.

Belgravia's champagne-tasting

I received a delightful invitation "To taste the new vintage of Charles Heidsieck Champagne 1953" at a party given jointly by M. Charles Heidsieck and Col. F. Swann, who were lent a charming house in Eaton Place for the occasion. Visiting London for a few days with M. Heidsieck were his son M. Jean Marc Heidsieck, a charming and intelligent young man who works with his

father in the family wine firm, and his nephew, M. Charles Henri Heidsieck. Madame Heidsieck could not come over with her husband this time.

I was glad to hear news of their younger son Charles, a brilliant pianist. Last year he had to postpone all his musical engagements (a programme which included recitals in America) as he had to begin his military service. After the first six months in the army, when his opportunities to play the piano were limited, he is now able to get plenty of practice and has started giving recitals around where he is stationed. He will continue his postponed programme as soon as his time in the army ends.

I was only able to stay at this party a short time, but long enough to discover that the 1953 vintage is a delicious wine. Among those enjoying it there were Countess Howe, Baron & Baronne Eugene de Rothschild, and Gen. & Mrs. Pollock up from their Sussex home, talking to Lord Colyton (who was just off to Belgium and then on to Paris where his wife was joining him from America). Also the Earl & Countess of Hardwicke, Mr. Michael Renshaw, Mrs. Phyllis Murray, who was lady-in-waiting to the late Princess Marie Louise, Rafaele Duchess of Leinster, and Mr. & Mrs. Edward Gage.

Top skiers took cocktails.

From Eaton Place I went on to Harrods where the directors were giving a cocktail party in their Winter Sports Shop. Guests could stroll round the salon and see all kinds of ski-clothes, skis and accessories, and a mannequin parade gave one a good idea of the newest garments to be worn ski-ing this season. This was arranged by Austrian-born Lotti Smith, consultant in this department, where you can also get super ski trousers cut by the well-known Austrian tailor Ebster from St. Anton, who is famous for these garments.

During the short time I was there I saw such personalities of the ski-ing world as Lady Raeburn, Mrs. Riply Oddie (who as Jeanette Kessler skied for England), Mrs. Paul Hepworth and Mrs. Palmer Tompkinson, widow of that fine skier Jimmy Palmer Tompkinson, who takes her three sons and a daughter out ski-ing every Christmas holiday. Also Mr. James Riddell, chairman of the Kandahar Club, whose books on ski runs and where to ski are a "must" for all enthusiasts, Miss Roddy Warren Pearl, the Hon. John & Mrs. Siddeley (they were in Wengen for some weeks last season) Mrs. Barbara Ringrose and Lt.-Col. Lotinga.

£1,000 for a church

Mrs. Alexander Eddy was chairman of the successful dance at the May Fair Hotel in aid of funds for St. Mark's Church, North

[Continued on page 388]

STOKES JOKES



A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat writing in a notebook, with a woman in the background.

The Mid-Surrey Farmers' Drag Hounds hunter trials

*The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst) Hunt
holds its opening meet*



A black and white photograph of a man in a top hat and suit riding a horse. The man is looking towards the camera. A woman in a long dress stands in the background to the left. The scene is outdoors with trees.

JENNIFER continued

Audley Street, which it is hoped will have raised around £1,000. There were two cabarets as well as plenty of dancing to a good band. A number of pretty débutantes in white evening dresses sold sprays of carnations, among them Lady Davina Pepys, Miss Maxine Hodgson, Miss Diane Kirk, and Miss Elizabeth Buckingham. Older guests who came to support Mrs. Eddy in her splendid effort included Lord & Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher & Lady Courtney and Sir Charles & Lady Norton.

A party in County Hall

Sir Charles & Lady Petrie gave a small pre-wedding party for their son Mr. Peter Petrie, whose wedding was to take place in Paris a week later. Present were a few members of the Diplomatic Corps with old friends of the host and hostess who had known Peter since a child, and young friends of his. The party took place in Lady Petrie's room in County Hall (she is deputy-chairman of the L.C.C.). The bride to be, Countess Lydwine van Oberndorff, daughter of Count & Countess van Oberndorff, was enchanting in a Dior cocktail dress of dark green silk with a petal skirt and single white rose, and with her fiancé looked radiantly happy.

The bride's parents came over from Paris for this little party, and others there included the French Ambassador M. Chauvel (whose wife was away in Paris), the Luxembourg Ambassador & Mme. Clasen and the new Netherlands Ambassador Baron Bentinck van Schoonheten. Also Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Mr. & Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter, the Hon. Sir Eric & the Hon. Lady Sachs (he was at Oxford with Sir Charles), Lord & Lady Dynevor, Lord & Lady Russell of Liverpool, Lady Hoyer Millar, Lady (Andrew) Cuningham, Lady Mellor, Mr. John Carlton, headmaster of Westminster (he was a master when the bridegroom was at school), Mr. Toby O'Brien to whom Peter Petrie was a page when he was three years old, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Walker Smith at whose wedding he was also a page, and their daughter Deborah who is one of Lady Petrie's god-daughters.

Other young friends included Mr. & Mrs. Robin Porteous (he was at preparatory and public school, and Oxford, with the bridegroom), the Hon. Hugh & Mrs. Lawson (he too was at Oxford with the bridegroom), Miss Erica Bridgeman and Miss Sarah Kydd, who were also both up at Oxford at the same time, Miss Caroline Petrie who is working at the Foreign Office, and Mr. Euan Ferguson.

London helps the Red Cross

The annual Red Cross Ball (County of London Branch) at the Dorchester is always one of the bright spots of the little season. This year it is on 25 November. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston is chairman, and there is to be a cabaret (including Adrian Slade) and tombola as well as a good dance band. There is a strong junior committee headed by Miss Lucy Fisher, Miss Anne Holbech and Miss Gillian Buckley. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Goodbody, B.R.C.S., 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.



Cdr. E. De W. S. Colver entered his 1½ horsepower 1896 Arnold dog-cart which took part in the original emancipation run of that year. Cdr. Colver's was the first of the cars which Messrs. Walter Arnold & Sons built on the Benz design, fitting engines they had made themselves



Lord Montagu of Beaulieu drove a 1903 Mercedes, one of three veteran cars from his Motor Museum at Beaulieu which were entered for the run



Mr. William Pollock (above, with his wife) is president of the Antique Automobile Club of America. With Mr. & Mrs. Pollock is Mr. F. S. Bennett

Off to the sea

THE ANNUAL LONDON-BRIGHTON RUN OF VETERAN CARS DEFIES THE RAIN



Manpower for the 1898 Benz of Mr. R. Rockliffe and Mr. D. ... at Gatwick. The car had run out of spirit and would not work on ordinary petrol



Mr. H. Babcock of Chorley Wood, Herts, drove his 1901 Royal Enfield Quadricycle in the Run. Despite the rain, most of the entrants reached Brighton



Mr. & Mrs. John Counsell. She is Mary Kerridge the actress. He directs the Windsor Repertory Company



Mrs. Kenneth Kemble (a committee member) with Sir Robert Renwick, Bt. (he is a stockbroker), and his daughter Mrs. Anthony Rowe



The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles and Mr. Peter Cadbury (he is chairman of Keith Prowse) examine their tombola tickets

Below: Mrs. Chaplin Snowden and Mr. C. Winslow-Taylor (a barrister)

Down by the river

A MICHAELMAS BALL AT THE GUARDS BOAT CLUB, MAIDENHEAD



Miss Gay Lowson and Mr. Bobby Nicolle. She is the daughter of Sir Denis and the Hon. Lady Lowson

Miss Valentine Jepson and Mr. Robert Mayhew with Miss Susan O'Dwyer (she was a member of the ball junior committee)

Desmond O'Neill



Turtle

soup

SNIPPETS ON THE DISH SERVED THIS YEAR
AND EVERY YEAR AT THE NEW LORD
MAYOR'S BANQUET . . . BY ANDREW HALL

➤ Mrs. Beeton's instructions (*Mode, she calls it*) for making the soup occupy three and a-half pages of small print and takes two days to perform.

➤ The Beeton recipe is: A turtle, six slices of ham, two knuckles of veal, one large bunch of sweet herbs, three bay leaves, parsley, green onions, one onion, six cloves, three blades of mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of fresh butter, one bottle of Madeira and one lump of sugar.

➤ A much rarer delicacy than the soup is the turtle egg. Though the female turtle produces them by the thousand she lays the eggs deep down in the warm sand and always under cover of darkness. Only experienced natives can find them.

➤ Hundreds of tureens of the soup are served at the annual Lord Mayor's inaugural banquet in Guildhall. The banquet follows the procession of the Lord Mayor through the City to the Royal Courts of Justice.

➤ On 29th October, 1663, Samuel Pepys was invited to the Guildhall banquet. He recorded in his *Diary* the following day: "It was very unpleasing that we had no napkins or changes of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. And the whole is reckoned to come to about £300 at most!"

➤ From *Hints On Etiquette*, 1834: "It is considered vulgar to take soup twice because, by doing so, you keep three parts of the company staring at you whilst waiting for the second course, which is spoiling."

➤ Watching a turtler in the West Indies is a tourist attraction. Sometimes his catch is up to a foot larger than the turtler and certainly much heavier (500 or 600 lb.).

➤ The word turtle is probably corrupted from tortoise, for the creature is simply a sea-tortoise. In Saxon times the word referred only to the turtle-dove. After the discovery of America sailors gave the name "turkle" to the marine chelonians.

➤ Until the last hundred years the turtle was regarded as mildly poisonous. Now even a tinned turtle, which many cooks use (it is killed when caught and preserved in hermetically-sealed canisters) costs about £2.

➤ At present there are 225 species of turtle but these are probably only the surviving remnants of a much more numerous group. They are distributed all over the world, except for those countries whose winters are too severe.

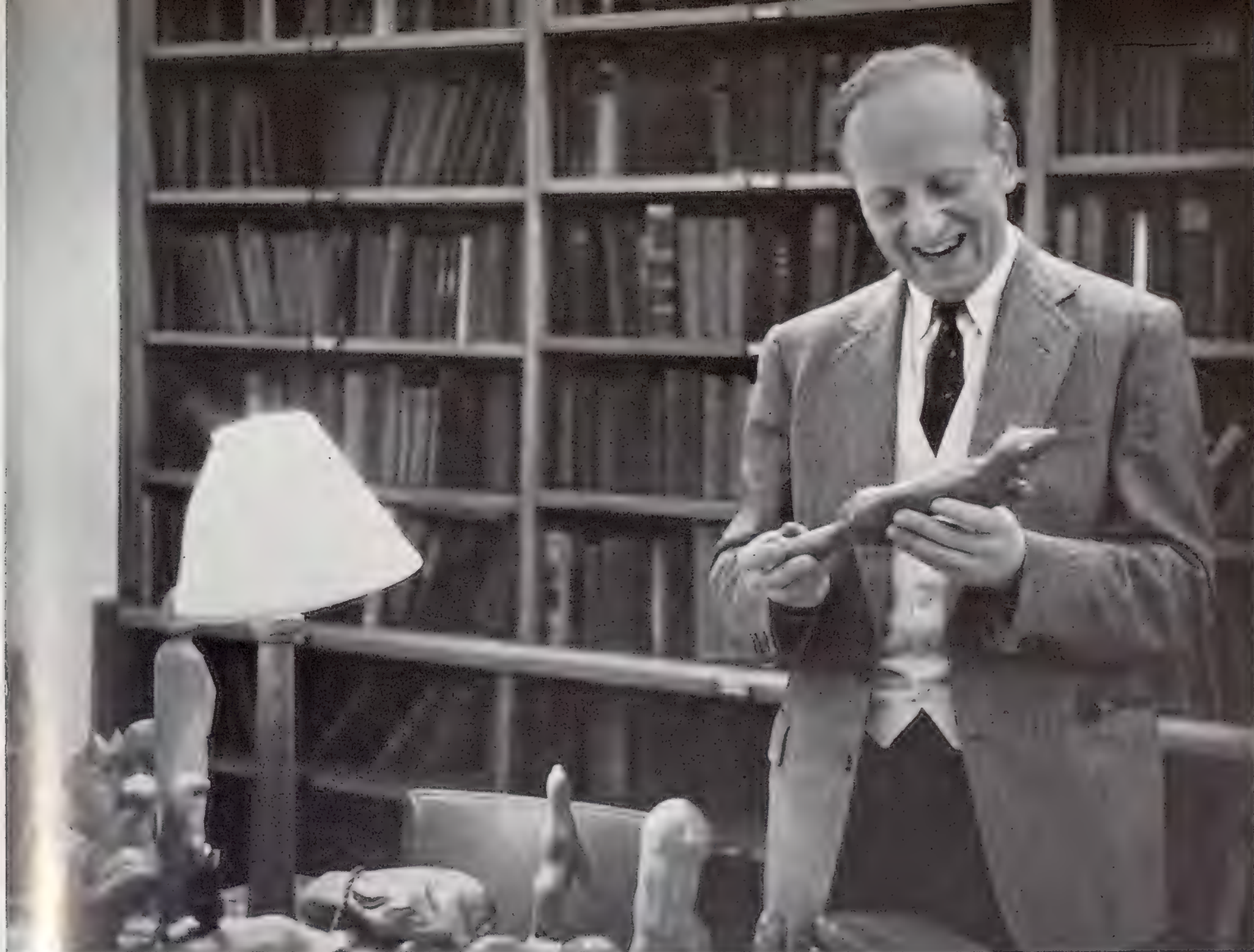


Fred Daniels

TRICK Mona Inglesby ends a four-year absence from ballet when she dances in the gala matinée tomorrow at the Coliseum Theatre before Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Miss Inglesby, wife of Major E. Derrington, is the founder of the International Ballet Company. She left the company when her son Peter was born. This trick photograph shows Miss Inglesby with the corps de ballet



TRIUMPH Mr. Anthony Vandervell whose Vanwall racing cars won the Manufacturers' Cup with their six grand prix victories this season was presented with a plaque of honour of the R.A.C. by the chairman of the club, Mr. Wilfrid Andrews. The Vanwall's supremacy is now threatened by the Commission Sportive's decision to change the engine formula from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ litres in 1961



TALENT Denis Richards, the principal of Morley College, Lambeth (the Queen Mother has just opened the new building there), looks at a wood carving in the exhibition of students' work arranged for the royal visit. In his new book, *Offspring Of The Old Vic*, Denis Richards describes the growth of Morley College from "penny popular" lectures in the Old Vic dressing-rooms in the 1880s to the modern college with courses in Arts, Science and the languages



NEWS PORTRAITS

TEACHER Princess Birgitte of Sweden, who has qualified as a teacher of gymnastics, is working in a private school at Broms where her brother, the Crown Prince Carl Gustav, is a pupil. The Professional Association of Gymnastics teachers in Sweden is protesting because Birgitte is not being paid for her work





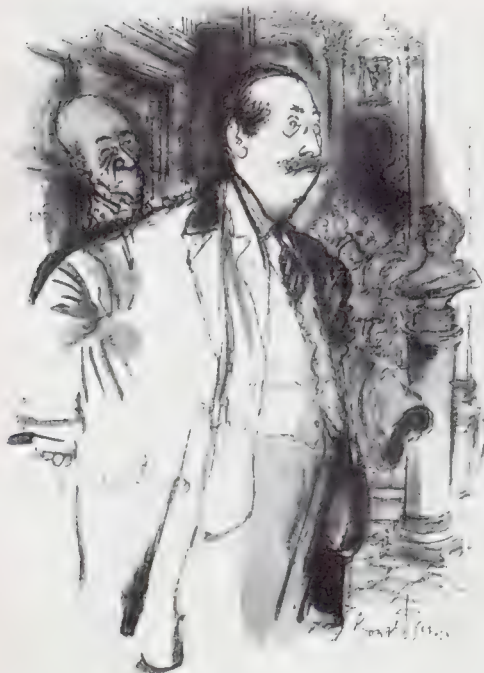
SUMMER IN CENTRAL PARK: The sober parasols parade, the hansoms clop discreetly past along the West Drive on a golden day in 1895. *Below:* The exodus of down-town New Yorkers to Brighton Beach race track on the Coney Island-Brooklyn Railroad. Pictures from *Once Upon A City* (Macmillan, 5 gns.)



GALOP INFERNAL: Those delirious dances, the can-can, the polka were sweeping the city and frenziedly Paris danced away the Second Empire at places like the Mabilly Mus Hall on the Champs Elysées. These pictures come from *Paris And Its People*, published by Methuen (4 gns.)

A tale of three cities

Pictures from three new books show Paris
gaily growing, New York in its formative
days, and the changing faces of London



REAPPRAISAL: "The nobleman in reduced circumstances" is one of the characters from *The Big City* (Perpetua, 1 gn.). It is a book of vignettes of new London types described by Alex Atkinson and drawn by Searle

FREEDOM'S GIFT: Designed by Bartholdi, constructed by Gustave Eiffel, the 150-ft. Statue of Liberty towers above the Boulevard de Courcelles in 1884 before being shipped to New York. *Below:* The Russian Mountain slide was a craze during the Allied occupation of 1815. Later accidents caused it to be prohibited



Priscilla in Paris



FRACAS AT LE ROCK... A CHANGED
SOURIRE... JEUNESSE STEPS UP...

CHIFFONS! *Vieux papiers!! Bouteilles à vendre!!!* The rag-and-bone merchants had a grand time when the dustbins were put out in the *rue Caumartin* at the stage door of the biggest music-hall in Paris. This was the morning that followed Bill Haley's rock 'n roll concert when hysteria reigned and hundreds of yelping teenagers tore off their shirts—it was a blessing that most of the wenches wore stout blue jeans—in order to wave them as triumphal banners.

Paris regrets being unable to decide whether Mr. Haley is a great musician or not. The admiring howls and frantic vociferations of his fans who also beat time to what may have been the compelling rhythm of the music by bouncing—sitting or standing—in the stalls completely drowned the orchestra.

The youngsters—aye, and a good many not-so-youngs!—danced in the gangways and wherever there was a square foot of space. They fought the policemen who were called in to restore order and, to quote a pretty child whose long nails had made deep furrows down an *agent de police's* congested cheeks, "had a perfectly marvellous time!" They certainly seemed absolutely happy and unabashed at the idea of spending the night *au bloc!* Such antics conjure up a certain smile, amused or jaundiced according to one's age and nature. Mine was amused. I like to see people enjoying themselves. Besides, I was near an emergency exit and emerged safely while the emergence was good!

A more famous Certain Smile is now simpering at us from hoardings and advertisement pages and Françoise Sagan's innumerable admirers are queueing up to see the edulcorated, Americanized, celluloid version of her best-seller. Spectators who have read the book may be disappointed, for the film in no way follows the story. However, Mlle. Christine Carere's smile is enchanting though she does not seem to have made as much use of it as the perverse young person that Françoise Sagan proposes for our admiration. This is all to the good since it leaves scope for any other *cinéaste* to portray a smile that might be nearer to the heart's desire. Perhaps "heart" is an understatement.

Following the death of Francis Carco a few months ago the nine remaining members

of the *Académie Goncourt* have now elected the tenth member who completes the academy. Choice was not easy. The troublous times that have seen two great wars have passed so swiftly that nobody appears to notice that the famous Goncourt academicians have become elderly gentlemen. To many of us it seems only yesterday that Francis Carco was lending his flat at the *Quai des Fleurs* to Katherine Mansfield, that Philip Hériat was the handsomest actor on the Paris stage, that Roland Dorgelès used to join in the sing-songs at Fréde's cabaret on Montmartre and that... but perhaps my memory is serving me too well.

Be that as it may, it is evident that the wisdom of having a young writer in their midst has occurred to *ces messieurs*. Hence the choice of Hervé Bazin, a mere babe of 47, author of half a dozen highly successful novels, the sales of which have totalled 2,500,000 volumes. He is also winner of the *Grand Prix littéraire de Monaco*.

Before success came and before his marriage—he has five children—he can boast of having tackled various strange jobs. Book-peddling, "barker" at country fairs, and *maître d'hôtel*, the last being the most remunerative. It is possible that he will soon realize that, with his election to the Goncourt Academy, his hardest job is still to come. He will have to wade through the dozens of books sent in by candidates for the annual Goncourt Prize, which will be awarded by the Academy early in December. The betting has already started. If young blood is an asset in literature my money is on Minou Drouet!

Of all the bizarre jobs that famous men have tried out in the difficult days of their youth the great painter, Maurice de Vlaminck, who died last month at the age of 82, holds the most spectacular record. This happened in London where he had gone hoping, with the optimism of his years, to find work. He was still in his teens. The day came when he was down to his last shilling. With it he bought some coloured chalks and set up as a pavement artist. His picture of the *Moulin Rouge* complete with tricolor flags so amused the people who stopped to look that pennies poured down and he soon collected enough to take him back to France.

[Continued overleaf]



AGE OF STEEL: The Eiffel Tower begins to rise on the Champ de Mars, centrepiece of the 1889 Universal Exhibition marking the centenary of the Revolution. Below: Georges Haussmann, architect of modern Paris, secures the approval of Napoleon III to redesign the city





AT PRESIDENT COTY'S SUMMER RESIDENCE at Rambouillet, diplomats were guests at a hunting party. Viewing the mixed bag of grouse and pheasants are M. Vinogradov (the Soviet Ambassador), Mme. Egloff (she is the President's daughter), President Coty and Sir Gladwyn Jebb (the British Ambassador)

THE TATLER
& Bystander
12 Nov. 1958
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STELLA GIBBONS

writes
a new
short story



You can read it, along with many illustrated features and articles, in the Christmas Number of The TATLER, on sale 14 November, price 3s. 6d. Order now, for sending overseas—4s. including postage (or \$1.25 for U.S. and Canada), plus a greetings card sent by The TATLER to say that the gift comes from you

PRISCILLA *continued*

A ticket from London to Paris cost less than it takes to cross Paris by *auto-bus* today! Vlaminck was one of the most admirable—and lovable—of the great *fauves*.

At long last the oft-postponed production of *L'Atlantide* at the Grand Opera House has taken place, but not without a final rumpus. The extremely popular *prima ballerina*, Ludmilla Tcherina, threw up her rôle ten days before the première and Serge Lifar resigned his position of *maître de ballet*. It is said that nobody is irreplaceable but though we do not know yet whether anyone can replace Serge Lifar we are certain that Mlle. Claude Bessy, who mimed and danced the rôle of Antinéa in which we had expected to see Mme. Tcherina, entirely satisfied the *habitués* of the *première* judging by the reception she received.

Such connoisseurs as Darius Milhaud, Marie-Louise Bousquet, Professor Mondor, Philippe Erlanger, André Maurois, Marie-Louise de Noailles, Marcel Boussac and Alice Coëca among many were all delighted by Mlle. Bessy's performance. Paul Derval

declared that he is ready to offer her a super contract to dance at the Folies Bergère if she cares to leave the *corps de ballet* of the Grand Opera House. And Pierre Benoit—who, after all is the author of *L'Atlantide*, the novel from which the opera is taken—declared himself to be delighted with his new Antinéa. *L'Atlantide* has been filmed several times. Once in the silent film days. Again in a "talkie" and yet again in colour, so the author may be said to have a right to his opinion.

Only one captious critic was heard to remark that the young dancer looked more like a naïve maiden on the eve of her wedding day rather than the mysterious siren of the Hoggar who could boast of having sent her 53 lovers to their deaths. In reply to this one is inclined to ask what such a lady is supposed to look like!

In December there will be a sensational charity gala at the Grand Opera House at which Madame Maria Callas, the Greek *prima donna*, has promised to sing. It will be her first appearance in Paris and Paris is duly thrilled!

Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis

Barrault have finally found what is hoped will be their permanent theatre in Paris, the *Palais-Royal*. These famous players have been "on the road" in France and all over the world far too long, and their sojourns in Paris at various theatres have been too rare and too short. The *Palais-Royal* is one of the oldest theatres in France; it dates from 1789. The whole place is being done up; the orchestra pit is being re-opened and the painted ceiling of the period restored. We are wondering what surprises are in store for us. The theatre is not big and Barrault will need all his famed ingenuity as a producer to give us the promised revivals of Claudel's spectacular *Soulier de Satin* and *Christophe Colomb*.

Meanwhile the company is opening with Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*—a musical comedy for "players who can sing"—created at this theatre 80 years ago by Hortense Schneider. The members of M. R. and J.-L. B's company* are all excellent musicians but it is wise to be on the safe side; the leading rôle will be sung by Suzy Delair of operetta and music-hall fame; her "Tra, la, la!" may be called famous.

BRIGGS by Graham





COMMISSIONED FOR A SCHOOL in Shropshire this seven-foot bronze "Archimedes" stands in the garden of the sculptor, F. E. McWilliam, awaiting removal. Behind it is his "Head In Green & Brown," a split face in Hornton stone. He is also the sculptor of the figure in the home of architect Eugene Rosenberg (*shown on the cover*). It is in bronze and depicts "Macha," an ancient princess of Ulster

Why neglect sculpture ?

When it comes to buying art for the home, paintings are readily sought while sculpture tends to be overlooked. Yet modern sculpture offers opportunities no less attractive, either for ornament or investment

FIVE PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GEORGE KONIG WITH A
COMMENTARY BY ALAN ROBERTS

ALAN ROBERTS ADVISES:

The best time to buy is before the sculptor gets famous!

DURING the past few weeks I have come to divide people into two new sorts of sociological haves and have-nots—those who have sculpture in their homes and the enormously greater number who have never known, and probably never will know, this highly civilized pleasure.

I had my own first flirtation with a piece of sculpture when I was 16 and returned from a school trip to Paris carrying under my arm (to the confusion of my mother who met me at Victoria) a copy of the headless, armless and legless Ahrenberg Venus bought at the Louvre for 100 francs.

After nearly 30 years Lulu, as she was immediately christened, has still an honoured place in my small collection. Though only a copy she has taken on over the years a mellow patina and something of the personality of an original work.

This "personality" by which a piece of sculpture endears itself to its owner is generally much stronger than the same quality in any painting. It can and does exist equally in abstract works and representational ones, for the very three-dimensional nature of a work of sculpture demands insistently that its being is acknowledged every day. It becomes another "soul" in a home—and unless it is loved it can become unbearable to live with.

So the first advice to those about to buy a work of sculpture is: Fall in love with it. But had I known when I bought "Lulu" all I know now I would probably have saved my 100 francs towards an original work by an unknown sculptor, for I do not recommend any but the destitute to buy copies of the classics—not even from the Louvre.

Also, I believe it is possible to have too much money to spend. The man who invests in an Epstein or pays some fantastic sum for a Degas bronze is unlikely to get so much pleasure as does the one who buys from some unknown young sculptor, simply because his work pleases him. Naturally anyone spending even £50 or £100 on a work of art will hope that it will maintain or increase its market value. But only the dealers and the expert collectors can afford to make this their prime consideration.

There are, in my experience, only two sensible ways for

[Continued on page 399]

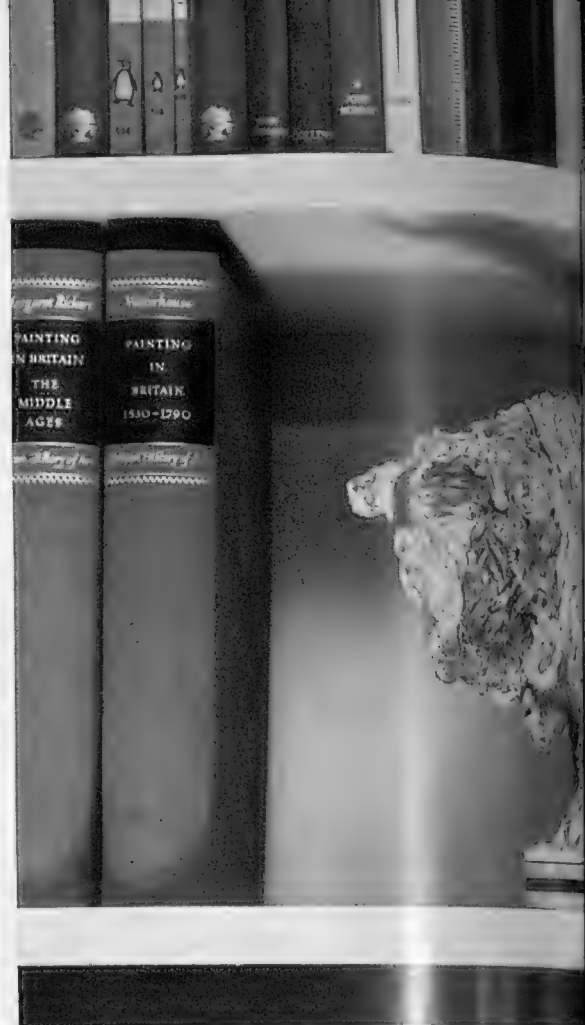


THE WORKING HOME of Dr. Henry Roland contains some fine pieces by Henry Moore. The bust (above) is an early work in variegated green marble, and behind it is a typical bronze "Family Group." The horse's head (left), done in 1952, is simplified almost to abstraction. It is in dark-greenish bronze

CARTOONIST RONALD SEARLE (below, with bronze Benin head and a Roman-soldier figurehead) has a home loaded with treasures. His terracotta (opposite page) is by the young Czech-born Franta Belsky, and was exhibited at the Academy and the Paris Salon. Belsky, a good portrait sculptor, charges around £120 for a head in bronze. "The Lesson" (below, left) is in plaster, another Searle-owned Belsky







THE HON. JOHN SIDDELEY and his wife picked up Robert Clatworthy for their Kensington home at one of the Institute of Contemporary Art for 12 gns. Current value: about 100 gns. The Siddeleys' find a dramatically-lit bronze mask ("Andromache") by Lady Wheeler at the Royal Academy, and a sensitive bronze nude standing in the indoor garden. Excellent work to be bought cheaply from students at the Slade.



LONDON SCULPTRESS Olwen Hughes (*above*) quickly established herself with her wonderful naturalistic treatment of animal subjects. She supplies, in a variety of materials, big game heads (from 25 gns. in concrete) that can be displayed like hunting trophies, but are works of art. Her finest work to date is the wonderfully sensitive gambolling horse (*left*), costing 50 gns. (in concrete). She also does portrait busts (35 to 40 gns. in concrete).

Sculpture today

MORE PICTURES OF MODERN WORKS FOR PRIVATE HOMES

ALAN ROBERTS *continued from page 396*

the novice collector to buy sculpture. The first, but not the better, is to go to the bigger art exhibitions where sculpture is shown and look around for something that particularly pleases you. Then approach the artist direct.

Sculptors, perhaps because of the exacting practical and physical demands of their work, are almost invariably reasonable people. You will probably find that your chosen artist's professional pride has made him put a higher price on his exhibited work than he is prepared to accept. You may find in his studio (which is bound to be a fascinating place) many things which appeal to you even more than the things you have seen on show. Almost certainly there will be sketch models, studies or maquettes for his larger works which he is prepared to sell.

In the studio of Mr. F. E. McWilliam recently, I recognized studies for many of those major works—"The Patriarch," "Cain & Abel," "Macha" &c.—that have made him one of the most sought-after of artist sculptors (as distinct from the popular commercial hackers) in this country. It surprised me that they could be bought for as little as £40.

Today in our art schools more students than ever before are studying sculpture. Many of them will end up as modellers in various industries; others will be forced to take jobs even further from their ambitions. But some will become the notable sculptors of tomorrow, and among them is an embryo Epstein, a new Moore, a fledgling Hepworth.

For this reason the exhibitions of work at leading art schools are by far the most exciting hunting-grounds. There is unlimited satisfaction in assessing for one's self the talent of an unknown artist, in backing one's judgment with a sum which, though it may be small, will give a young artist encouragement just when he needs it most.

A few years ago when the Royal College of Art held its first open-air show in the grounds of the Natural History Museum Sir Jacob Epstein, who was at the time using one of the college studios, commented to me on the extraordinary promise of so much of the work. At least half a dozen of the students represented are now established sculptors. The then unknown names of Sidney Harpley, Ralph Brown, Astrid Zydower and Olwen Hughes all now stand for something unique.

Only a few weeks ago, at the City & Guilds School, in Kennington, I discovered a young student, James Butler, who, it seems to me, will one day (when sanity returns, as it must, to the world of art) be acknowledged one of Britain's finest sculptors. Yet, at the moment, his work can be bought for a song.

What to do with our sculpture when we have got it? How best to display it will depend on so many things—its shape, size, material, colour, the *décor* and furnishings of the room, and a dozen others. Visiting the homes of people with magnificent and priceless pieces of sculpture, I have been amazed to find how few have faced—let alone solved—this problem.

Mr. Robert Sainsbury who has, in his house at Smith Square, one of the largest and most valuable private collections of sculpture in the country, supplied me with one answer. His rule is "no knick-knacks." In the Sainsbury home wherever you stand you are rubbing shoulders with a masterpiece—a Degas, a Moore, an Epstein, a Brancusi. The only ornaments allowed to steal breathing space from the sculptures are the vases of flowers. The result is an atmosphere of extraordinary peacefulness and calm.

ELISABETH FRINK's "Chicken" (left) and a study for "Cain & Abel" by F. E. McWilliam flank a Graham Sutherland picture in the St. John's Wood home of Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Rosenberg. Miss Frink is one of Britain's two top sculptresses



glowering plaster by
Arts' Christmas fairs.
room also contains (a
life of the President of t
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ELPTRESS BY A S FOR
right); F. E. McWilliam
his new "Homer" in
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Alta-coloured cement, s
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Elisabeth Frink. Their
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decorates the room show
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MASTER AND MAN. *In the wheelchair from which he can never get up, Hamm (George Devine) is pushed about by his servant Clov (Jack MacGowran), who can never sit down. "The creatures of this play," says Anthony Cookman, "are so far gone in decay as to be almost beyond the reach of human sympathy"*



WHEN WE ARE BORED in the theatre we charitably assume that something has got temporarily out of the playwright's control. The author of *Waiting For Godot* must be unique in that he bores us according to plan and, astonishingly, gets away with it. Mr. Samuel Beckett, it is now pretty well understood, is the poet of the transient mood. If the mood is to stay fixed long enough for him to wring out its essence he has somehow to delay the action of his piece; and by inexhaustible repetition he can almost indefinitely prevent himself from coming to the point.

The justification for this singular method of playwriting is that audiences undoubtedly find a hypnotic fascination in the rhythm of his repetitions. An occasional quirk of humour will light up the surrounding dullness, some vivid phrase suddenly strikes an answering chord in the mind, and we come away slightly mystified but impressed.

End Game—now done into English by the bi-lingual author for the Royal Court Theatre where it was given its first performance in a French version—has this kind of effect, but in a lesser degree than the earlier play.

The two tramps who carried Mr. Beckett's name all over the world endeared themselves by the humorous consideration they showed to each other as they waited for somebody, they knew not what, to deliver them out of their meaningless misery. The creatures of this play are so far gone in decay as to be almost beyond the reach of human sympathy. They are a blind, paralysed man imprisoned in a room with one servant and legless parents who remain immobilized and finally die in a couple of dustbins.

They belong to a world which is running down, and running down, as the survivors suppose, to the last heap of dust or, it may be, to a final revelation so appalling that rather than face it they are willing to go on enduring the meaningless humiliations and agonies. But the milk of human kindness has almost dried up.

The dramatic conflict is between master and man, the blind Hamm, who cannot stand up, and the lame Clov, who cannot sit down. The one represents the will, the other the imagination, a will that works tyrannically and capriciously, an imagination that works perversely. They hate each other and have no compunction for the old people slowly dying in the dustbins. Clov wishes to leave Hamm and Hamm wishes him to remain. When the will relaxes the servant gets so far as to pack his bag, but he is left at the end clownishly watching as authority, left to itself, exercises its last caprices on itself.

THEATRE

When boredom is fun

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

The point made is that life is essentially without significance, the same point made in *Waiting For Godot* but made this time more savagely and with little of the humour or tenderness which alleviated the earlier tract for the times.

Yet the play in the present production is less ugly than it was made to appear in the portentously stylized French production seen last year. Mr. George Devine has done his best to bring the characters nearer to human sympathy. He himself tempers the harshness of the tyrant with a bluntness and there is a delightfully sympathetic study of the servant by Mr. Jack MacGowran, whose comic puzzlement derives recognizably from centuries of human experience. Mr. Richard Goolden cackles pathetically and Miss Frances Cuka quavers sadly from the dustbins. And the paradoxical effect of the humanization of the characters is that it is easier for us to receive the play, not as a dogmatic statement containing the whole truth about life, but



Ida Kar

The passionate play-back

as a poem dramatizing a moment of despair which everybody perhaps knows at some time or other in their lives.

The revival is preceded by a new piece entitled *Krapp's Last Tape*, in which Mr. Beckett turns his attention to the moment of passion. He makes ingenious and significant use of the tape-recording machine to suggest a mind obsessed by a single theme. A horrible old man in a frowsty den eats bananas and plays over to himself with feverish intensity incidents of his life which he recorded 30 years ago.

But of the dreadful jumble of memories a moment of physical passion gradually assumes importance, and in a fresh recording becomes the dominating thing in his life. Needless to say, the possibility of happiness it promised was unfulfilled, but so overwhelming in its colour and detail becomes the tantalizing memory that it breaks the worn-out old man's heart. Mr. Patrick Magee makes a memorable thing of the solo performance.

Alone on the stage with a tape recorder, the old man, played by Patrick Magee, listens to his own voice describing an amorous interlude which he recorded thirty years ago. "Krapp's Last Tape," a one-character playlet, is the curtain-raiser to the Samuel Beckett season at the Royal Court Theatre.

RECORDS

Experiment in New York

by GERALD LASCELLES

FELSTED RECORDS, one of the many labels which are part of the enterprising Decca group, have just brought out three excellent long-players which are of more than passing interest to jazz fans. In the normal course of events, American stars are recorded by the various labels which operate in the States. The records are then sent to England to be released much later, sometimes three or four years after they are made, by the British company which owns the "rights" in this country. This system has its weaknesses, not the least of which is the "take it or leave it" attitude which prevails without regard to the local taste and demand for recorded jazz.

Felsted have metaphorically advanced into the enemy's camp. My old friend and colleague Stanley Dance, veteran critic and champion of the mainstream course in jazz, went to New York and hunted around for musicians, some stars, some lesser-known and out of work. He put them in the studio, threw out some suggestions and let them get on with it. These are the results of the first attempts, by widely varied artists and groups. They have one thing in common—a swinging ingredient which is lacking from most contemporary performances. Whether you like the highly expressive clarinet work of Buster Bailey, reminiscing with two groups on his music from his home town of Memphis, or the ruthless bite of the swinging Buddy Tate bands, you will be fascinated by these lively sessions. In some respects I liked most the Earl Hines quartet, but then I am frankly greedy about his piano music. The former Armstrong drummer Cozy Cole takes the reverse of this record with some interesting versions of well-known standards.

I hope we shall be treated to some repeat performances. It makes a change to hear a session supervised by someone who knows his jazz as well as Stanley Dance. What a good idea to let Hines record with another solo instrument; his recent work has been with bass and drums, which can, even with a man of his calibre, become dull and lacking in scope. The results you hear on this quartet record are outstanding, even though the tenor/baritone saxophonist is not of the highest calibre.

Whilst we are on the subject of mainstream jazz, I must mention an exciting performance by Jimmy Rushing with an all-star group featuring many of the same musicians who appear on the Felsted sessions. A quieter piece of blues, mostly piano again, is by Ray Charles, a blind Negro of considerable interest and repute. This is his first release in England, and I would rate him as a rapidly rising jazzman, to be watched.

An experiment which fails completely is an unfortunate piece of word jazz on London label, featuring the spoken voice of Ken Nordine and an almost inaudible band lead by Fred Katz. There is a psychopathic angle which happily escapes me, and some obscure notes on the sleeve explaining the use of the mind (*sic*) as a jazz instrument, transmitted through the spoken voice to a background of school playground noises and an occasional simpering flute. It even suggests oxymoronic as a suitable epithet. I'll leave you to work that one out for yourself!

SELECTED RECORDS

EARL HINES/COZY COLE	Earl's Backroom & Cozy's Caravan 12-in.	Felsted FAJ7002 £1 17s. 6½d.
BUDDY TATE	Swinging Like . . . Tate 12-in. L.P.	Felsted FAJ7004 £1 17s. 6½d.
BUSTER BAILEY	All About Memphis 12-in. L.P.	Felsted FAJ7003 £1 17s. 6½d.
JIMMY RUSHING	Little Jimmy And The Big Brass 12-in. L.P.	Philips BBL7252 £1 17s. 6½d.
RAY CHARLES	The Great Ray Charles 12-in. L.P.	London LTZ-K15134 £1 17s. 6½d.
COLEMAN HAWKINS	All Stars With Django Reinhardt E.P.	H.M.V. 7EG8393 11s. 1½d.

Smile
spot

CINEMA

Mr. Kaye goes straight

by ELSPETH GRANT

MR. DANNY KAYE, under Mr. Peter Glenville's direction, proves himself an extremely good straight actor and gives an impressive performance, unmarred by grimace or twitch, in *Me And The Colonel*—a screen adaptation by Messrs. S. N. Behrman and George Froeschell of Mr. Franz Werfel's play, *Jacobowsky And The Colonel*. I do not know why the title has been changed. The story is not told in the first person, and even if it had been the presumption of that dominant pronoun would still be quite out of character. Jacobowsky (Mr. Kaye) is a sad-eyed Polish Jew whom years of enforced migration from one European capital to another have taught to be philosophical, resourceful and, above all, courteous. He is the mildest and gentlest of men.

The outbreak of war has found him in Paris—and now the Germans are advancing on "the city of light" and it is expedient for him to leave. All he needs is transport. In a similar predicament is a completely different person—an arrogant, high-born Polish Colonel (Herr Curt Jurgens) who, on a secret mission, must proceed instantly—though how?—to St. Jean de Luz.

The Colonel is fanatically anti-Semitic but this does not prevent Jacobowsky from putting his ingenuity at the officer's disposal—and it is that the Colonel, his pretty French mistress (Mlle. Nicole Maurey), his servant (Mr. Akim Tamiroff) and Jacobowsky journey south in a Rolls bought by Jacobowsky from Baron Rothschild's chauffeur and run on petrol taken from the wreck of the last taxi in Paris.

Perhaps because on the roads they pass thousands of refugees toiling along on foot—old men and women, young tear-stained children—I could not take this as a comedy situation. It seemed rather beastly of both the Colonel and the Jew, to say nothing of the young French woman, that they could bowl by without a glance or a pang, pre-occupied solely with reaching their own objectives. No matter how outrageously Herr Jurgens mugged and stormed, nor how adroitly Mr. Kaye opposed him with quiet humour, I was not really much amused. I can't regard war and anti-Semitism as laughing matters.

It is quite obvious from the start of the film that by the end the Colonel will have abandoned his prejudices and the Jew will have come to appreciate his reluctant companion's better qualities—a flamboyant bravery and "the finest mind of the twelfth century" among them. Every point is made with a sort of Teutonic thoroughness and the pace is leisurely. Only Mr. Kaye's personal popularity can account for the fact that this work was chosen for a Royal Film Performance.

Mr. Pat Jackson's sunny *Virgin Island*

seemed a far more palatable dish to set before the Queen—a fresh and sparkling comedy with just a dash of drama to enhance the romantic flavour, and served in appetizing Eastman Colour. Miss Virginia Maskell, a young actress with a more fetching personality than most of them, is charming as a mother-ridden English miss who, while on a Caribbean cruise, meets and falls in love with an American writer-student (Mr. John

acts as amateur (and innocent) lighthouse keeper by showing a light on moonless nights.

Miss Maskell's mother (Miss Isabel Dean), visiting the couple, nearly loses them their island by blabbing about the origin of all those lovely bottles to the Commissioner (a delicious performance from Mr. Colin Gordon), who feels that sternish action should be taken. Denying that they come under British or any other jurisdiction, Mr. Cassavetes and his wife issue a Declaration of Independence—which causes a brief snowstorm of memos in London and Washington government offices before the size of the island (eight acres) and its population (two) is discovered.

The population is soon increased by fifty per cent—the birth of her baby while Miss Maskell is alone at night in a drifting boat is the one indication that the primitive life has its drawbacks. It gives the couple cause to take stock of their lives. They decide that they cannot cut themselves off entirely from the rest of the world—it would



Virginia Maskell and John Cassavetes romp through *Virgin Island* reviewed this week

Cassavetes), excavating in the British Virgin Islands.

They marry, buy a dear little island of their very own and with the help of Mr. Sidney Poitier—that magnificent Negro actor, looking for once as happy as a sand-boy—build themselves a house. It seems quite paradisaical and though they haven't any money they have lashings of champagne—supplied by a grateful local smuggler (Mr. Edric Connor) for whom Mr. Cassavetes

not be fair to their daughter; so, leaving their house and land in Mr. Poitier's hands, they prepare to return to "civilization"—where (as perhaps a sequel may show) they are pretty sure to encounter horrors that they had forgotten existed, like racial prejudice and the common cold.

In *Evidence In Concrete*, M. Gérard Oury is "discovered" disposing of a body in such a businesslike way that one suspects he is used to the job. Who is the dead man and how did he die? Flashbacks, calculated to confuse if not actually deceive, eventually tell all. M. Oury gives a sound if not very sympathetic performance as a husband who knows his wife (Mlle. Jeanne Moreau) has a lover but is devoted to her all the same—though as his devotion finds expression in intense mental cruelty, it is of a kind I would prefer to be without.

Every conceivable cliché that could be packed into a story of three U.S. marines, their girls in San Francisco and their war-time experiences in the Pacific, has been packed into *In Love And War*. One hour and forty-five minutes of concentrated cliché spells excruciating boredom to me; how do you read it?

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

ME AND THE COLONEL—Danny Kaye, Curt Jurgens, Nicole Maurey, Francoise Rosay, Akim Tamiroff. Directed by Peter Glenville.

VIRGIN ISLAND—John Cassavetes, Virginia Maskell, Sidney Poitier, Isabel Dean, Colin Gordon, Edric Connor. Directed by Pat Jackson.

EVIDENCE IN CONCRETE—Jeanne Moreau, Gérard Oury, Philippe Nicaud. Directed by Edouard Molinaro.

IN LOVE AND WAR—Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter, Jeffrey Hunter, Hope Lange, Bradford Dillman, Sheree North, France Nuyen. Directed by Philip Dunne.

STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS

Gerald Durrell

The elegantly untidy Gerald Durrell was born in India but grew up in Greece—mainly Corfu—a hilarious interlude which he described in My Family And Other Animals. Animals indeed are his pleasure and his business. For six months of the year he is abroad with his wife, gathering material, and he will be in Argentina when his new book, Encounter with Animals (Rupert Hart Davis) is published. On returning he plans to start his own zoo in Jersey



BOOKS I AM READING

Puzzle behind the pleasure

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

MISS IRIS MURDOCH, to me the most baffling novelist in England, has written a new novel called *The Bell* (Cape, 15s.). On the face of it, this is a readable, entertaining book, meticulously plotted as a game of draughts, about an assorted bunch of people who join a voluntary lay community attached to an abbey whose inhabitants are enclosed. The group's motives are examined, moral codes and sacred and profane loves pull in different directions. There is a chain of explosions, two suicides (one only a near-miss), and the lay community disbands in various states of disorder. The abbey is left to absorb the empty house into itself.

But behind the face of it, all is enigmatic and elusive. I think you might be able to work out some sort of key-to-symbols on graph paper, but that wouldn't be the whole answer. What sprung Miss Murdoch's imagination to write this story of two remotely yet closely linked communities? Why are all the love-affairs so inconclusive or otherwise unsatisfactory to those concerned? How is one to take the comic incidents, which are partly solemn to the

point of alarm, partly grotesque and farcical (for instance, the near-suicide, during which a devout young woman is neatly fielded from a watery grave by an aquatic nun in her underwear?)

Then the tone of the voice is to me puzzling. The book is beautifully written, with great delicacy and accuracy. What seems odd is that even when matters of post-Freudian complexity are under frank discussion, Miss Murdoch (surely intentionally) contrives to sound like a still small voice in a nice drawing-room miles from anywhere, telling a mild, curious anecdote that never grows to the point.

It may be that Miss Murdoch is producing a new sound in fiction which my ears cannot yet catch. Sometimes, uneasily, she makes me see myself as the victim of a conjuring trick so fast and skilful that I miss the rabbit itself, let alone the way it comes out of the hat. No one felt more at a loss than I since Alice, coming to grips at last with an interesting conversation, got left with the Cheshire Cat's smile hanging in the air. All I am sure of is that at one level at least *The Bell* is a most lively, agreeable book—

and has a jacket by Charles Mozley at his most adorable.

This being my week for bafflement, I have also eaten up, but not at all digested, *Eight Days* (Hutchinson, 16s.), by the amazingly enigmatic Gabriel Fielding, whose *In The Time Of Greenbloom* attacked me like a mortal sickness—much as I enjoyed it—and through which I still wander and wonder in devoted non-comprehension. It always surprises me enormously when a novel by Mr. Fielding comes to an end, as I see no reason why it should stop at this particular point. *Eight Days* appears to concern a prison doctor called Chance, a newly converted Roman Catholic, who comes for eight days to an International Zone in North Africa, and there falls among people and events that seem as mysterious and hypnotic as a prolonged personal nightmare to which any good psychiatrist might give you the key if you had the nerve to ask.

The extraordinary, disturbing world created in *Eight Days* is full of alarm and unhappiness, and everything in it is, I think, some important marking on a map I do not happen to possess. Perhaps it is primarily a religious novel. Mr. Fielding is far too good a writer to be suspected of mystifying for the hell of it, and I can only hope his next book will communicate more to me, since he is a novelist I much admire.

I am perfectly sure what *The Crossing Of Antarctica*, by Sir Vivian Fuchs, with chapters by Sir Edmund Hillary (Cassell, 30s.), is about, at least in general terms. The people who are eager to know all about the angled grouser plates and Search and Rescue and Homing Beacons fitted to Sno-Cats can get it all from the appendices. As I have no immediate plans for shopping for a Weasel

cargo carrier, Muskeg tractor, or Otter aircraft, the front part of the book is enough for me.

There are many good reasons for reading books written by explorers, one of them being that so often the authors—from Raleigh on—turn out to be masters of prose. Fuchs, my furry hero who looks, among the eternal snows, so like a vast and noble teddy-bear, writes the clear, unexcitable prose of the scientist. Here are no sublimities, no great poetical-philosophical thoughts, and even the hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly crevasse are so mildly murmured that only a couple of pages later do you realise you left a hero hanging by his elbow at the end of a paragraph some way back. The book is crammed with marvellous, calm felicities—the shrimping party at dead of night in the middle of a snow-storm to make a pink and oily Lucullan treat for David Pratt's birthday; the office, before the expedition left, filling up with survival rations for the team to test, which often "proved their worth by keeping the week-end workers alive till the shops opened on Monday. . . ." I loved every level word of the book, and especially the way it convinces you—in the past I have had my doubts—that any man who sets off to cross Antartica is so thoroughly sensible.

Another adventure, perhaps not so different when you think of Fuchs's absolute dedication to his scientific research, is recounted in *The Decipherment Of Linear B*, by John Chadwick (Cambridge University Press, 18s. 6d.). This enthralling book, as hypnotic as the best kind of thriller, is an account of the achievement of the late Michael Ventris, a phenomenon who taught himself Polish at the age of six, and established the language of Knossos as Greek. The book is full of the wildest and most contagious excitement about—to the layman—deeply unlikely matters, such as the "now famous" Pylos tablet P 641, which "deals with pots, some on three legs, some with four handles, some with three, and others without handles," for all the world like the worldly goods of some antique Yonghi-Bonghi-Bo. I also dote upon that rare and precious academic courtesy which brings out the best in a reader: "... readers of Japanese newspapers will know that rare ideograms are regularly accompanied by the reading in syllabic signs." Come now, you all surely knew that. . . .

I have also been reading . . . *Ballerina*, by Vicki Baum (Michael Joseph, 15s.), a smashing novel about a great dancer and her career, summed up by the jacket as "glorious dancing, beautiful music, exquisite costumes, ethereal love . . ." by golly. There are many splendidly passionate episodes. *A Thirsty Evil*, by Gore Vidal (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) some delicately scented, wicked little stories with trick twists, lit by a phosphorescent, death-rattle comedy. . . . *More Caviar* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) by Art Buchwald, a tremendously worldly and assured American funny man who looks life's realities sort of sideways in the eye and makes me, I swear it, laugh out loud . . . and Evelyn Waugh, *Portrait Of An Artist*, by Frederick J. Stopp (Chapman and Hall, 21s.), a worthy undertaking which seems somehow woolly, but at least sends one off to re-read its subject first-hand.



Yevonde

Miss Patricia Mary Barker to the Hon. Jeremy Monson: She is the daughter of Mrs. & the late Major G. Barker, Scarletts Farm, Twyford, Berks. He is the second son of the late Lord Monson & of Betty Lady Monson, Capener's Close, S.W.1



S. F. James

Miss Jennifer Beak to Captain Christopher Harding: She is the younger daughter of Colonel & Mrs. Hugh Beak, Ramridge Cottage, Weyhill, Hampshire. He is the youngest son of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. John Harding, Rockfield, Monmouth



Vane

Miss Verity Lawrence to Mr. Brian Thornton: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Lawrence, Little Easton Manor, Great Dunmow, Essex. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Woodside Cottage, Windsor Forest, Berks



Fayer

Miss Judith Gillson to Mr. Charles E. Doughty: She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel Anthony Gillson and the Comtesse Guy de la Frégonnier, Lennox Garden Mews, S.W.1. He is the son of Mr. C. Doughty, Q.C., M.P., & Mrs. Doughty, Eldon Rd., W.8

Miss Jane-Scott Richards to the Hon. James W. W. Stuart: She is the daughter of Group Captain & Mrs. Henry Gordon Richards, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. He is the son of the Earl & Countess of Moray, Darnaway Castle, Forres

Fayer



Miss Evadne Gibbs to Mr. Howard Guinness: She is the daughter of the late Mr. E. Gibbs, & of Mrs. W. Serocold, Hartley Wintney, Hants. He is the elder son of Mr. E. D. Guinness, Bermuda, & of Mrs. Guinness, Staverton House, Eversley, Hants

Lenare







Evenings made for candlelight

Winter is near, we can pretend no longer, but the dark of the moon has its compensations in drawn curtains and the warm glow of candlelight. For those enchanted evenings we show a selection of dresses which match the splendour of their background in Harrods' antique department. The dresses on the opposite page are both Peggy Allen models in white silk jersey, a material which pays a woman the ultimate compliment of draping exquisitely into slimming classic folds. On the left the fitted strapless sheath mounted on white satin is trimmed with ranch mink around the boned bodice. Two long draperies form a train. At Harvey Nichols and Edith Dennett, Wilmslow, price: about 66½ gns. Florsheim rhinestone pendant ear-rings from Bourne & Hollingsworth. On the right the halter-necked jersey dress is worn with a wide ocelot belt outlined in gold kid. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and Samuels, Manchester. Price: about 62 gns. Dinner jacket from Harrods' men's department. Above: A puff-ball skirt by Arthur Banks of mimosa nylon chiffon swirling from a gathered draped waistline. Price: about 55 gns., at Harvey Nichols, and from Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN EALES

EVENINGS BY
CANDLELIGHT *continued*

Paris says black — and London, too

Sophisticated black is still the choice with top designers both in Paris and in London. This dinner dress in black velvet from the House of Dior was one of the loveliest in the Paris collections. It has a low scooped neckline and features a high, wide white satin sash. The bodice is built on to an inner corsage to achieve the fashionable high bosom. Made by Christian Dior (London) and obtainable at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The price is 64 gns.



The ubiquitous little black dress again makes an appearance for an informal dinner at home. Spectator Sports make it of woven black rayon, low necked and high waisted with the draped front being caught by a black taffeta ribbon and bows under the bust. It is lined throughout and the drapery continues at the back. At Woollands, Knightsbridge; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth, and Nottingham House, Preston. Price: about 16 gns. Brooch by Christian Dior 6½ gns., and matching ear-rings £4 5s. at Debenhams & Freebody, Wigmore St.



Chosen for its eye-level appeal from the Jacques Heim Jeune Filles collection at Harrods, this dress emphasizes the importance of a good shoulderline when seen across a dinner table. The boned, strapless bodice in black taffeta and net is sheathed with gossamer black lace flattering arms and shoulders, and the full skirt has layers of black net beneath the lace. Price: 35 gns. The soft light glows on graceful Sheraton furniture, modern English cut-crystal glass and silver tableware arranged in the antique department display at Harrods, Knightsbridge



Still enormously popular, the full length evening gown scores for warmth and a slimming grace of line. The model (*left*) by Phyllis Taylor is in black velvet with three-quarter length sleeves. Back interest is achieved by a fringed panel in black satin caught by a bow at the waist. At Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, and also from Henry Ash, Norwich. The price about £29 8s.



Mohair, the season's rage, is used (*right*) in a rose red model designed for the elegant, very slim woman. Made to order by Bellville, 14 Motcomb Street, at 52 gns., it is lined throughout with silk and has a back panel reaching to the hem. The Christian Dior jewellery, ruby-red crystal necklace and earrings, are obtainable at Debenham & Freebody. Price: £23 10s. and £5 10s. respectively

EVENINGS BY CANDLELIGHT

Looking back

Clearly the choice for a gala evening, the full-length dress (*left*) has a rich sapphire blue velvet sheath with a boned bodice encrusted with gold thread and beaded embroidery; a flying back panel falls from a bow set at the waist. Also made in black, this Roecliff & Chapman model is at Harrods, Knightsbridge, and at Whitfields, Wolverhampton. It costs about 27½ gns.



Norman Eales

continued

on bows



Successful use of rose-coloured satin mounted on stiffened net gives a decisive, highly fashion-conscious line to the gay short dinner dress (*right*). Once again a bow is used to emphasize the back interest characteristic of the dresses on these pages. The dress comes from the attractive range of models at Harrods, in the Jacques Heim Jeune Filles Department, and the price is 29 gns.



IT COULD BE
FOR YOU . . .

When you feel like relaxing

Take a break from the formal round to relax in these casuals by Hanro for Swyzerli. The colour is old gold and the time-to-spare mood is sustained by teaming loose jersey tops with slender tapered pants. The Swiss two-way knit jersey top (*left*) is straight but loose-fitting and reaches the hips, tying with a floppy cravat in one with the stand-away neckline. The pants, unconventionally a shade shorter in the leg than usual, are cut-up in front. Price for the ensemble 24 gns., the gilt bangle is £1 19s. 6d., both from Harrod. *Right:* An alternative top (Harrod also have plain pants to wear with it) in which the wide V-neck is trimmed with a bow. Price 9 gns. The gilt leaf earrings, 13s. 9d., and the two gilt bracelets, £1 19s. 6d. and £1 15s. respectively, are all from Harrods and both the tops and the pants come in several other colours

Photographs by
Peter Alexander





Left: The lantern-shaped wooden bracket costs £1 5s. 9d. with plant. The anodized aluminium one costs 16s. 9d. and the plant 7s. Selfridges. *Right:* The wrought-iron stand has a black lattice pot-holder (£1 5s., plants, 7s. 6d.). Selfridges. The wrought-iron lantern (17s. 6d.) is matched up with a copper pot (10s.) and an ivy plant (8s. 6d.). Fortnums



SHOPPING

Indoor greenery

by JEAN STEELE



Variegated ivy and other plants are mixed in this shining copper bowl (£2 17s. 6d.). Fortnum & Mason



Above: A wooden plant trough (£1 15s.). Selfridges. *Left:* Cacti and succulents make up the Japanese garden (£3 3s.). *Right:* A striped black-and-white china pot is fitted in a wrought-iron stand (24s. 6d.). The wooden stand costs 18s. 6d. (plant, 8s. 6d.) and the conical pot and stand 21s. (with plant, £2 2s.). Selfridges



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DENNIS SMITH

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ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS, Coventry, Member of the Hawker Siddeley Group



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*Stella, an evening style by
Robert Fielding.
Tessier's Regency diamond
cluster emphasizes
the softly divided fringe*



BEAUTY

The glitter and the gold

by JEAN CLELAND

EVERY NOW AND THEN I have a whirl around the salons and the stores to find out the latest things in make-up, and the newest productions in general.

This is going to be a "rich" autumn. In some shape or form, everyone will be wearing a touch of gold, and not only in the trimming for a dress, or in accessories such as bags, belts and costume jewellery. Gold is being used, too, in cosmetics. It makes an effective eye-shadow for evening wear, teamed up with matching nail varnish. There are two distinct tones of gold, and because of this, nail varnish is now available in yellow gold and pink gold.

More and more fashion-minded people are highlighting their hair with one or other of the glamorous hair cosmetics. There is good news for those with the in-between shade of hair, somewhat unkindly known as mouse. No longer need this be dull and uninteresting. Steiner comes to the rescue with a new colour in his famous Starmist series, called *Fire Gold*. Sprayed lightly on to the hair to light up the odd strand, it has a warm glow like a flicker of firelight.

Steiner is responsible too, for another new product called *Feminin*. This is delightful to use, and is something quite different in the way of an after-the-bath luxury. It is like a soft pink cloud that, disappearing into the skin instantly, combines the functions of a body lotion and a talcum powder. *Feminin* also acts as a deodorant.

On the quest for new scents, I find that several are making their appearance just in time for the autumn parties. Particularly intriguing are some by Marquay the well-known Parisian perfumier, who is marketing some of his most lovely and sophisticated scents in this country for the first time. These are exciting, not only for the subtlety of their fragrance, but for the way in which they are presented. *Coup de Feu* comes in a striking red and black design done by Salvador Dali. *L'Elu* has a charming cut bottle, packed in a velvet evening bag. Most arresting of the three perfumes is *Prince Douka* with an Arabian Nights presentation.

Another perfume with the true party feeling comes from Dorothy Gray. This is called *Elation*, and as you can imagine by its name, it has a gay and festive note that goes well with evening dress. Morny's cater for the romantic mood with a new scent called *Dare*. While this, with its blend of warmth and sophistication, should appeal to women of all ages, it should be particularly popular with the young, for whom price is a consideration. For 5s., one can get a flaskette of *Dare* packed in an attractive black box.

Something which I predict will be a top favourite during the autumn and winter is Coty's new 24-Lipstick shade called *Bermuda Coral*. This is the sort of glowing colour that is good to look at on a cold bleak day.

Charles of the Ritz's new foundation lotion is a tinted foundation in three shades—Camelia, Beige, Rose Rachel. It is a creamy foundation (semi-liquid), and applied lightly, preferably over revescence moisturizing cream, it will give a lovely matt finish.

*Prince Douka perfume is
sold in a bottle dressed
in white satin (£9)*



*L'Elu perfume by Marquay
has the bottle wrapped in a
velvet evening bag*





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woman



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MOTORING

Catering on the new motorways

by GORDON WILKINS

QUITE SOON NOW our first small sample of motorway, the Preston by-pass, will be opened, and next year we shall have a full-scale stretch in the London-Birmingham highway.

A motorway is a world apart. The long ribbon of the highway cuts across the countryside leaving the cities to left and right. Pedestrians, cyclists, local traffic and farm animals pass over it or underneath it as remote as the figures in a landscape seen from



a railway carriage. Only at refuelling and refreshment points is there any contact with the life of the country. Will ours do us credit?

One of the most distressing aspects of travel by motor-coach, apart from the slowness of the schedule imposed by obsolete speed limits, is the squalor of the places where the coach stops for refreshments. Slops, cracked cups and horrible food seem to be accepted as normal. A small proportion of coach passengers must be the same louts as those who regularly destroy the interiors of railway carriages when returning home after sports events, but the vast majority are the patient, uncritical, undemanding British people—regarded by foreigners as the most easily satisfied people to be found anywhere outside Soviet Russia.

It is not always a mere acceptance of low standards. There is often an aggressive *bonhomie* which goes with a cuppa and egg-on-chips and affects to despise anything better. A lot of class distinction is imposed from below.

The student of sociology would find much

to interest him in the big refuelling and refreshment areas that are a characteristic feature of the German autobahn system. Here the heavy trucks and trailers and the coaches are parked in orderly rows next to the parks for the private cars (*left*), and at the latest examples there are no separate transport cafés. In fact I wondered where the transport drivers and their mates went until I stopped at the ultra-modern hotel and restaurant at Pfungstadt between Karlsruhe and Frankfurt. There are in fact two restaurants—a simple one with spotless wood panelling, flooring, tables and chairs, with central heating and plenty of flowers, and next to it a top-quality one with soft lights, banks of azaleas and a menu that would do credit to the West End. Being in a hurry I chose the simpler one and glimpsed through the glass at the far end a kitchen as clean as an operating theatre, with gleaming tiles, stainless steel and white-capped chefs.

A waiter took my order but I still had not spotted any truck drivers, until I began to look more closely at my fellow guests and watch which vehicle they took when they left. It was difficult to tell truck drivers from private motorists. They came in with their own sponge bags, had a thorough wash-and-brush-up, and when they removed their heavy leather jackets were as clean and as neatly dressed as most other people. They sat reading the magazines, and their coffee was brought by a black-coated waiter in a plated pot on a plated tray, with its separate jug of cream just like everyone else's. On the evidence of the German autobahn one would say that the German lorry driver seems to enjoy a high standard of living. He drives heavy loads for long distances at high speeds and he seems to earn his money. But he probably does not have television at home and I doubt if he is paid as much as a British lorry driver. It is a question of a different set of values.

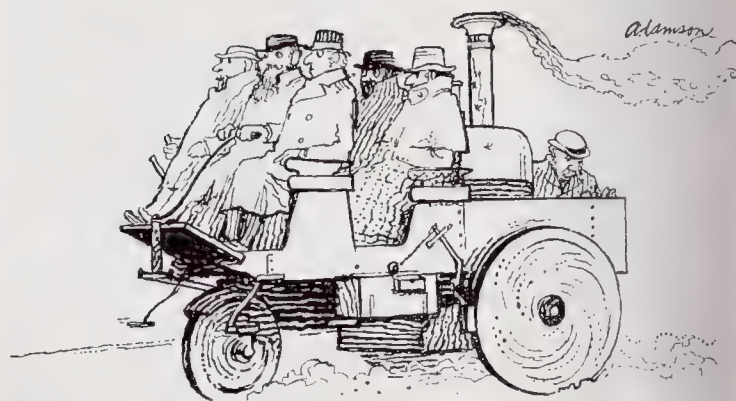
The international oil companies have an excellent opportunity of assessing the standards of service required in various countries and they sometimes seem to rate ours rather low. On the Continent there is often a canopy over the pumps so that one can refuel protected from rain or hot sunshine, and good toilet facilities are fairly common. Here they stick the pumps out in the wind and the rain (local by-laws may

also have a bearing on this), toilet facilities are still fairly rare, and the early post-war enthusiasm for cleaning windscreens and removing petrol stains from the bodywork seems to have dwindled away.

The Ministry of Transport and the contractors to whom the refuelling and catering contracts for the motorways are granted have a rare opportunity to set an example which may help to raise standards in the rest of the country.

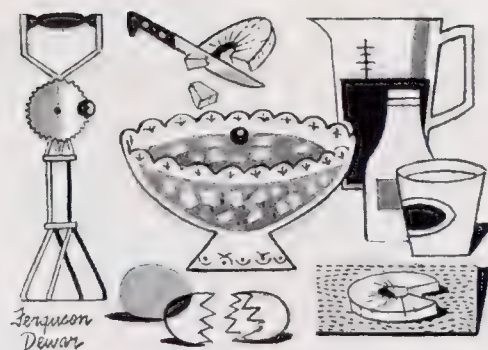
Few transport proposals have caused more controversy than the idea of converting the railways into motor roads which Brig. T. I. Lloyd first propounded three years ago. It is certainly difficult to imagine that the whole traffic of the railways, including the great tonnages of coal and other heavy goods, could be moved by road vehicles but it is equally difficult to sympathize with those who dismiss the whole idea as far too difficult. The railways were built well over a century ago by gangs of navvies working with picks, shovels and wicker baskets and we must be sunk in despair if we cannot envisage the possibility of widening them and reconstructing bridges and tunnels to create modern highways, at least on some of the lines now uneconomic for railway operation.

Not all of the old tracks cover routes which are needed by modern traffic, but below is an example of what can be done. It is a 20-mile stretch of coastal road linking several resorts in Schleswig-Holstein, built on the line of a former light railway. Incidentally, I see that a West Berlin transport concern is putting two new buses on the Berlin-Frankfurt run equipped with television. They are using British Ekco 12-volt sets.



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DINING IN

For your present list

by HELEN BURKE

WITH CHRISTMAS only six weeks off and presents in mind, I would shop now for books. At the moment, one can browse in shops without too much jostling. High up on my list for those who like to cook, are cookery books. I like all those that I receive—good or indifferent—and I am sure that enthusiastic hostesses and cooks would receive with pleasure some of those which have reached me in the past year.

Good cookery books come, roughly, into two categories—the straight instruction book and the collection of recipes which assumes that the reader knows all about kitchen routine, how to handle an oven and how to adapt the quantities (which are not always exactly given) to suit one's needs. One would, therefore, give this latter type of book to none but seasoned cooks.

For the bride and others (including men) who want to know the basic facts of cookery, I would thoroughly recommend *Better Cookery*, by Aileen King (Mills & Boon, 21s.). The author is the principal of the Shropshire College of Domestic Science and, in spite of the book being strictly instructional, it is, what so few of these books are, well written.

The book has 485 pages but, if the variations on basic recipes had not been condensed into tables, it could well have been twice the length. Here and there throughout the book, wherever it could be most helpful, is "What went wrong—and why." This is exactly what the inexperienced cook requires because, having followed a recipe as faithfully as possible and finding the result disappointing, she does learn in what she erred. This is what all perfectionists want.

Good *Simple Cookery*, by Elisabeth Ayton (Hurst & Blackett, 42s.), is a beautifully produced book, with copious photographs, some in full colour. The title is a little misleading, because it is not all that simple. I take it that this is not so much a specialist book as the work of a woman who knows good food and likes to write about it.

Backing the cover, in probably

the most convenient spot in the book, are charts of oven temperatures, handy measures and the quantities of helpings allowed each person in soup, fish, meat and so on.

The introductory 43 pages deal not only with interesting information about food but also with kitchen arrangements, equipment, utensils and tools, cooking methods and cooking terms. There are 432 pages in this book but, as it measures 7 inches by 9½ inches, it is double the size of ordinary ones. And, in every case where oven temperatures are necessary, they are given in degrees Fahrenheit, gas numbers and for solid fuel—cool, cool to medium, medium and hot.

In a class by themselves are cookery books written by professional cooks. Generally, they are intended for experienced cooks, because there is seldom any indication of temperatures and methods, often, are a little sketchy. That is why, interesting as they are, they should be given to experienced cooks, not to beginners.

One such book is *Recipes From No. 10*, by Georgina Landemare (Collins, 18s.), to which Lady Churchill has written a pleasing introduction. One knows that Mrs. Landemare is a good cook, because Lady Churchill employed her for many years and was entirely satisfied with the dishes she produced.

It has no pretensions to being an instruction book, but it does have some very interesting recipes, some of which, as one would suppose, come from widely different places. It is a cook's manuscript, set out in print form in a book—and I like it. But it is for the experienced cook, as no oven temperatures are given.

Another cook's book is *A Cook's Notebook*, by Lily MacLeod (Faber & Faber, 18s.). This is the notebook of a cook who has worked in "the houses of the nobility"—but I would add that she is a graduate of Cooking and Dietetics at the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science.

Working in the stately homes of England would make heavy demands on any cook but, in this book, the fruits of these demands are evident.



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DINING OUT

Bedside brandy

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

AN UNEXPECTED pleasure was meeting M. le Duc de Montesquiou Fezensac. With Mark Gilbey, he gave a party at 6 Hamilton Place, in honour of Armagnac Montesquiou Brandy.

Among the many activities of M. le Duc (he recently commanded a Cavalry Regiment in Algeria) is the production and marketing of Armagnac Brandy. His family have distilled it for centuries for their own consumption. His Armagnac is made in the village of Marsan and his ancestors have inhabited the Château de Marsan since the year 1000.

I hope to get an invitation to visit it one day, because I hear the custom for guests at the château is that when they retire for the night a jug of Armagnac is placed by their bedside. If they have not consumed it before morning, their host will be offended. An excellent custom!

Mark Gilbey, who ships M. le Duc's Armagnac into the United Kingdom and Eire, persuaded me to try various concoctions, all containing Armagnac in one proportion or another. I found the most refreshing was an "Armagnac 75" which you make in a tumbler and contains ice cubes, $\frac{1}{4}$ Armagnac, $\frac{3}{4}$ champagne, and a large slice of lemon.

In a small book called *In Praise Of Good Living*, an anthology for friends, I note a Montesquiou is quoted as having observed: "To make those eat who lack appetite, to make the wit of the witty sparkle. To help the would-be witty to find some witty saying, these are the supreme achievements of the Gastronomer as Host."

It was a French heiress named Montesquiou who married the fourth Count of Fezensac in the year 1030, thus founding the fortunes of a family which was powerful for hundreds of years.

If, in the unlikely event of your up-to-date motor car ceasing to function, it should do so within easy reach of a pub, your guardian angel is on the job. If the pub is open and the landlord so co-operative and

friendly as to give you all assistance, she deserves an extra pair of wings!

I am having an extra pair made for mine because, when my clutch suddenly failed completely on the slope of the Blue House Bridge, Croydon Road, Mitcham, I was within one hundred and fifty yards of the Ravensbury Arms.

I must have passed it a thousand times in my life, but as it has always been so close to the start of a journey, south or south-east, I had never given it a thought.

There I found John Dawson and his wife, Stella, and announced my plight. In a couple of seconds they had summoned two bar staff and two of their customers. Between them they pushed me from the bridge, round the roundabout, and into the space in front of their pub.

The Dawsons, I discovered, have built up a great reputation for their cuisine, John Dawson having become by sheer enthusiasm a sort of self-taught maitre chef, and nothing goes out of the kitchen unless it has his blessing.

The menu for this type of pub is remarkable and includes such things as scampi at 7s. 6d., caviare at 12s. 6d., and asparagus 5s. There is a choice of six omelets (including Spanish); a considerable cold buffet, a large range of grills (including a porterhouse steak garni for 12s. 6d.), and so on.

There are red and white wines at 2s. per glass and a short, simple, but quite adequate wine list—Burgundies from 14s. per bottle, Bordeaux from 12s. 6d.

When John and Stella Dawson took over the Ravensbury in 1952 they were possibly the youngest innkeepers in the country, being 24 and 22 years old respectively.

John learnt his pub-keeping from his wife's father, a great cricketing enthusiast, "Burn" Bullock, who played for the Surrey Seconds in the early 'twenties and then turned professional. Later he took the King's Head which looks out over the famous cricket green at Mitcham. This is now being run by his widow, Mrs. Lillian Burn.



The French Ambassador, M. Chauvel with the Duc de Montesquiou Fezensac who gave an Armagnac (brandy) cocktail party



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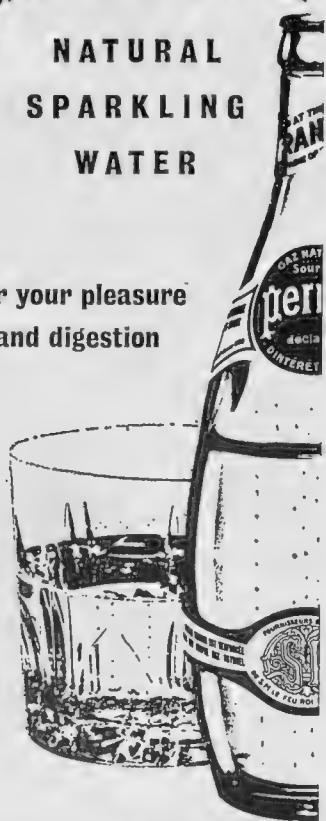
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shipped from Spain*

Sole Importers:
J R PARKINGTON & CO LTD
161 NEW BOND ST LONDON W1
also importers of Cellar-Master's, and Del Pico sherries

SELLING or BUYING?

be sure to put your

Classified Advertisement in The TATLER



*Classified Advertisements are
set under these headings:*

PERSONAL	EDUCATIONAL
BEAUTY	TRAVEL
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CORSETS	DOGS, HORSES, etc.
FURS	PROPERTY
DRESSMAKING	HOTELS
TAILORING	SITUATIONS VACANT
DRESS FABRICS	SITUATIONS WANTED
DRESS AGENCIES	MISCELLANEOUS
JEWELLERY	

Whatever you have to sell (or wish to buy) your classified advertisement, set under the appropriate heading, will be well displayed at the economical rate of 1s. per word with a minimum of 15 words (Box Number 1s. 6d. extra). The TATLER, although published every Wednesday, carries classified advertisements on *alternate* Wednesdays and if it is convenient to you, your classified advertisement can be handed to your newsagent or, alternatively, you can send it direct to:

The Advertisement Manager
The TATLER, Ingram House,
195 Strand, London, W.C.2 or
'phone Temple Bar 5444

Classified Advertisements Column FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"The Tatler" will include a special Christmas Gifts column of classified advertisements in the issues of December 3 and 17 for which orders should be placed without delay.

Question and Answer

When, where, and how should I enjoy this delightful, original, stimulating liqueur?

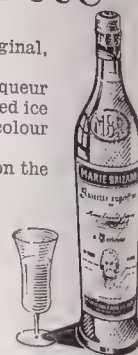
Here are three of many beguiling answers. 1. Neat—in a liqueur glass after lunch or dinner. (It's heaven!) 2. Poured over crushed ice in a brandy glass. (What aroma!) 3. With water added until the colour becomes opaline. (A healthy refreshing drink.)

But don't be satisfied with an unfamous Anisette. Insist upon the favourite of Louis XV, none other than—

MARIE BRIZARD

Anisette

MARIE BRIZARD ET ROGER, MAISON FONDEE 1755



A WORD OF ADVICE TO WEARERS OF FALSE TEETH

Any Dentist will tell you that after extractions your gums gradually continue to change shape. However well made, your denture may become loose and suction fails to keep it in place at all times. A plate which is loose or rocks, or drops when chewing, talking or laughing destroys self-confidence and often causes shyness.

A denture fixative like Dr. Wernet's Powder is the answer to these embarrassing moments. Dr. Wernet's is a hygienic tasteless powder recommended by Dentists all over the world. You simply sprinkle it on your plate every morning and for the rest of the day you can forget your teeth. Wernet's holds the dentures firm and comfortable and prevents any soreness of the gums. You can eat what you like, laugh and talk without fear.

Why suffer mouth discomfort another day when you can prove the amazing difference Dr. Wernet's Powder makes. Get a tin from your chemist today.

PAUL GALLICO

Flowers for Mrs. Harris

The enchanting story of a London "char", her ambition to own a Dior dress, how she achieved it, and what happened afterwards
from your bookseller, 7/6



MICHAEL JOSEPH LTD 26 BLOOMSBURY ST WC1

For
friends
at home
and
overseas . . .

. . . a subscription to THE TATLER makes a splendid, long-lasting gift—and it's so easy to give!

Twelve months | Home: £6.5.6
Overseas: £6.12.0
Canada: £5.14.0

Your Newsagent will arrange a subscription, or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2



Make a meal
of it with

Rayner's

INDIAN
MANGO
CHUTNEY

AT ALL GOOD GROCERS





You're in good company

It is not by chance that the passenger list of Cunard liners are studded with famous names . . . business magnates . . . stars of stage and screen. These people are seasoned travellers. They know that the name Cunard stands for the height of sea-going luxury, for superb cuisine and swift, attentive service. They know, too, that they will find aboard a brilliant and varied round of entertainment as well as opportunities for blessed idleness . . . just basking in the sun . . . watching the sea go by . . . and to add to your comfort both the 'Queen' liners are fitted with stabilisers, among several Cunarders fitted with this wonderful anti-rolling device.

.. when you cross by

CUNARD

PLEASE COMPLETE IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME *Travel in a*
 SHIP *BIG way!*
 CLASS DECK AND CAYEN
 FROM TO
 EUROPEAN ADDRESS

TO U.S.A. AND CANADA



The finest of Address Books. Sizes 4" x 3½", 4½" x 4" or 5½" x 4½". In soft padded bindings of Antique finish leather, Morocco, Luxan Hide, Polished Hide or Pigskin. Real gold edges and tooling. From 8/9 to 20/- each.



Superb Five Year Diaries with or without gilt lock and key. Antique finish leather, Morocco, Luxan Hide or Pigskin. Real gold edges and tooling. From 16/9 to 35/3 each.

Gifts by Leathersmith

All individually gilt gift boxed



Jewels by Garrard & Co., Ltd.

At last a Jewel Roll of a size for carrying in a handbag. Multiple pockets and divisions lined with soft suede. In Morocco or Luxan Hide in gay fashion colours. From 62/- to 65/- each.



Ingenuous and attractive Bookends in gleaming Antique finish Leather. Red or Brown. Gold tooled. 29/- the pair.

Leathersmith
REGD

AT ALL GOOD STORES AND STATIONERS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY **T. J. & J. SMITH LTD.** ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
12 HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON W.1. Telephone: LEGation 1144 (5 lines)



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eco 12-volt sets.



'The secret of my Martinis? Martini!'

'Well it's obvious isn't it? Besides, I've noticed the adepts always use Martini Dry. There's something about it that puts extra sparkle into cocktails. No secret to making perfect ones, either. About two-thirds Martini, out of one of those green bottles, to one-third gin — well chilled! 'How's that? Good, I'm glad you like it.'

*'Better drink Martini
sweet or dry'*

MARTINI



"South Africa for a glorious holiday!"

SAYS THE WIDELY TRAVELLED WOMAN



It's simply marvellous to slip away from the discomforts of the European climate and bask luxuriously in the heavenly warmth of South African sunshine.

Naturally there's more than sunshine to make this a wonderful holiday country. If you're the energetic type you'll revel in the excitement of the game reserves and enjoy all sorts of open air sports in ideal conditions.

If more sophisticated pleasures have a greater appeal to you, there are fashionable coast resorts with a gay social round, as well as the many attractions of modern cities like Johannesburg.

You can't possibly be dull in South Africa. A friendly welcome greets you wherever you go and the day-long sunshine gives zest to everything you do.



Weighty denizens of the Game Reserve



Fascinating studies for your camera



A fine example of an old Cape Dutch homestead



The South African Tourist Office is at your service for free, friendly and helpful advice.

For detailed information on transport, accommodation and costs consult your Travel Agent or South African Railways Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
70 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 Tel: Grosvenor 6235
610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20

South Africa

LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS



Traditionally, Drambuie was first made from a recipe given to a Mackinnon of Skye in 1745 by Bonnie Prince Charlie. Since that time this distinguished liqueur has been acclaimed in all parts of the world. The pleasant custom of drinking a liqueur becomes, with Drambuie, part of a tradition that has its origin in the colourful days of the eighteenth century.

TIO PEPE
*The finest and driest
 of them all*



GONZALEZ BYASS

Sherries of Distinction

* Tio Pepe is an old favourite but have you tried **ROSA** an exquisite medium sherry, or **CREMA** a superb cream sherry . . . and then there is the new popular **NECTAR** Spain's Dry Oloroso . . .



GONZALEZ BYASS • LONDON AND JEREZ SPAIN